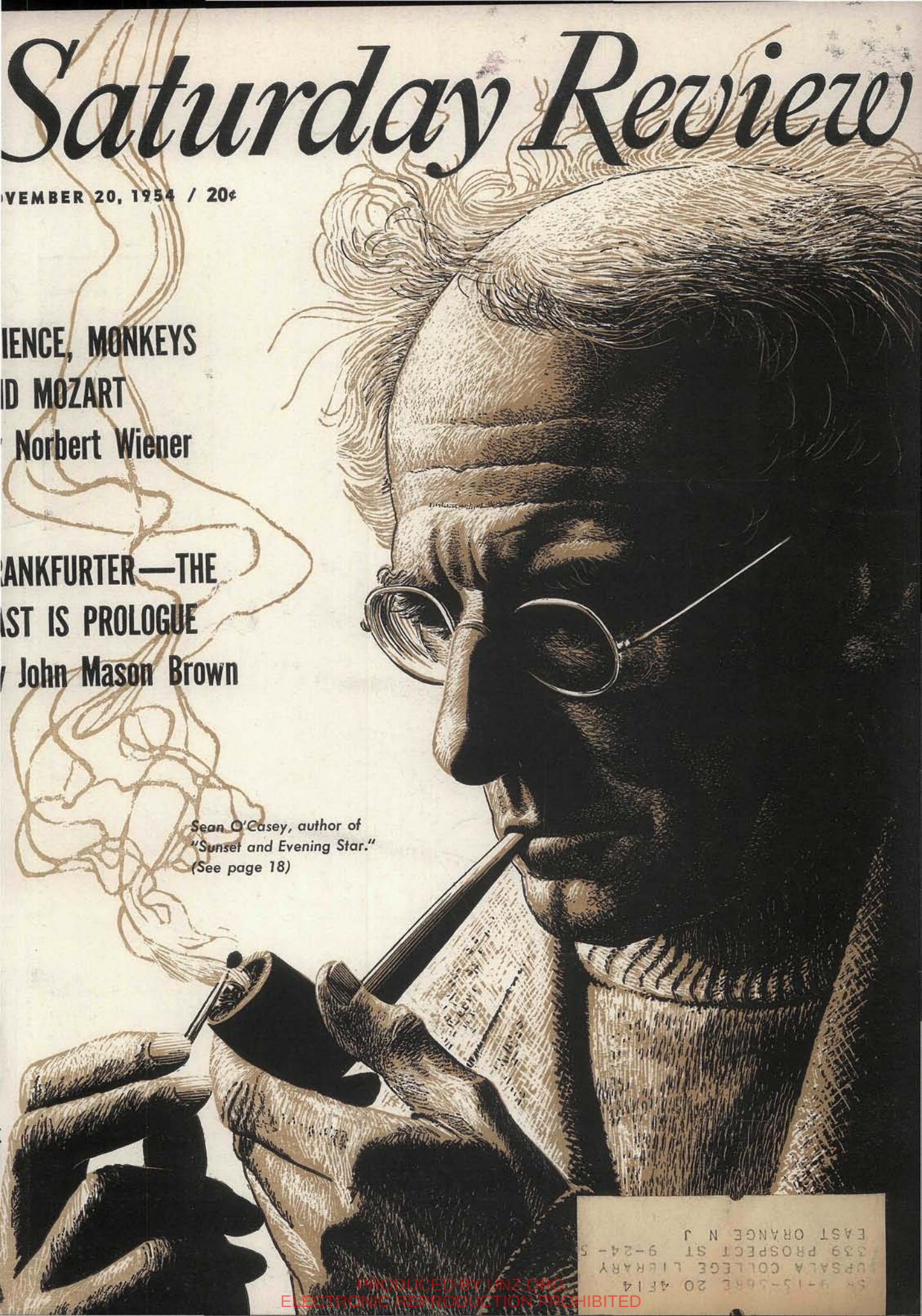
Saturday Review

VEMBER 20, 1954 / 20¢

IENCE, MONKEYS
ID MOZART
Norbert Wiener

ANKFURTER—THE
AST IS PROLOGUE
John Mason Brown



Sean O'Casey, author of "Sunset and Evening Star."
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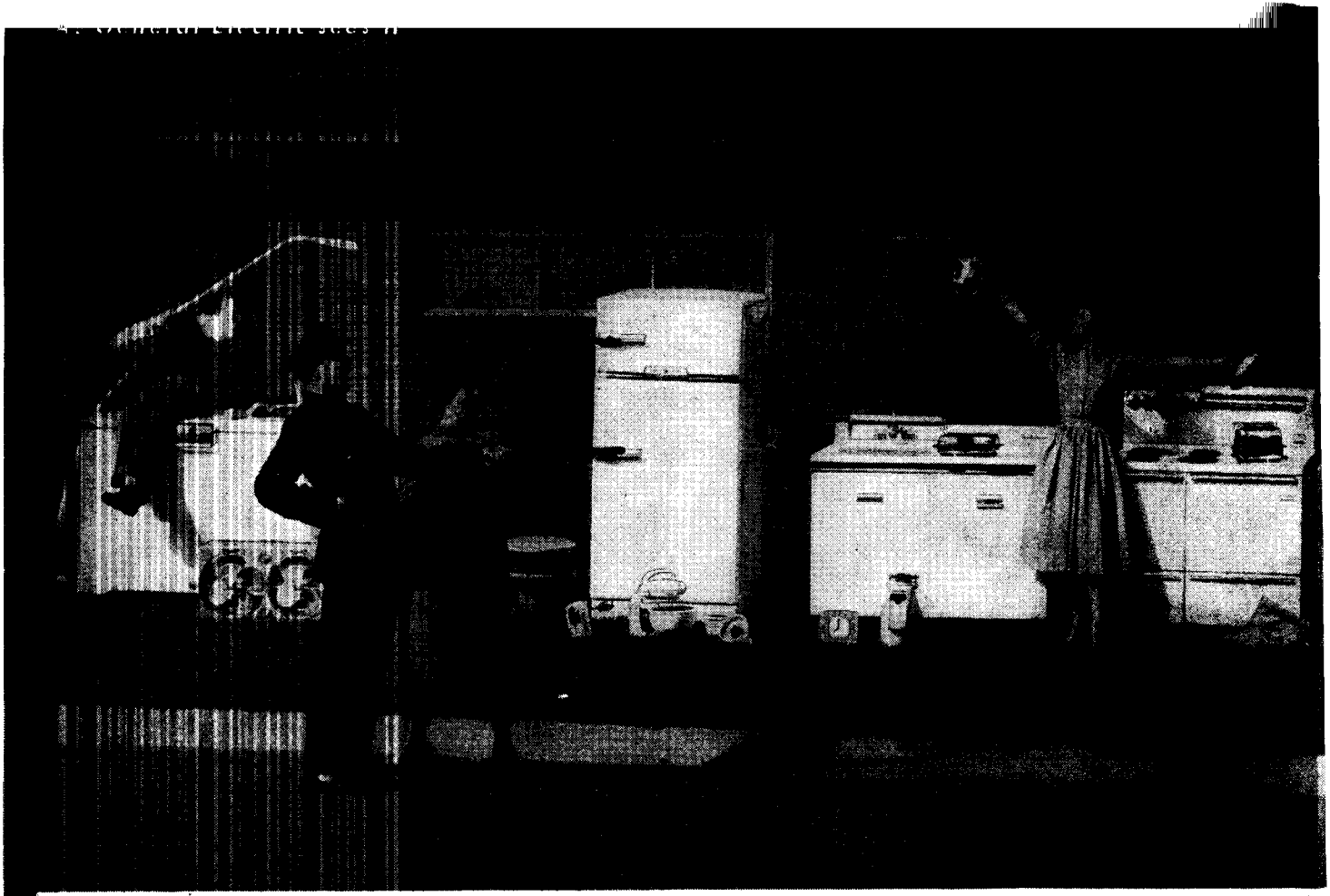

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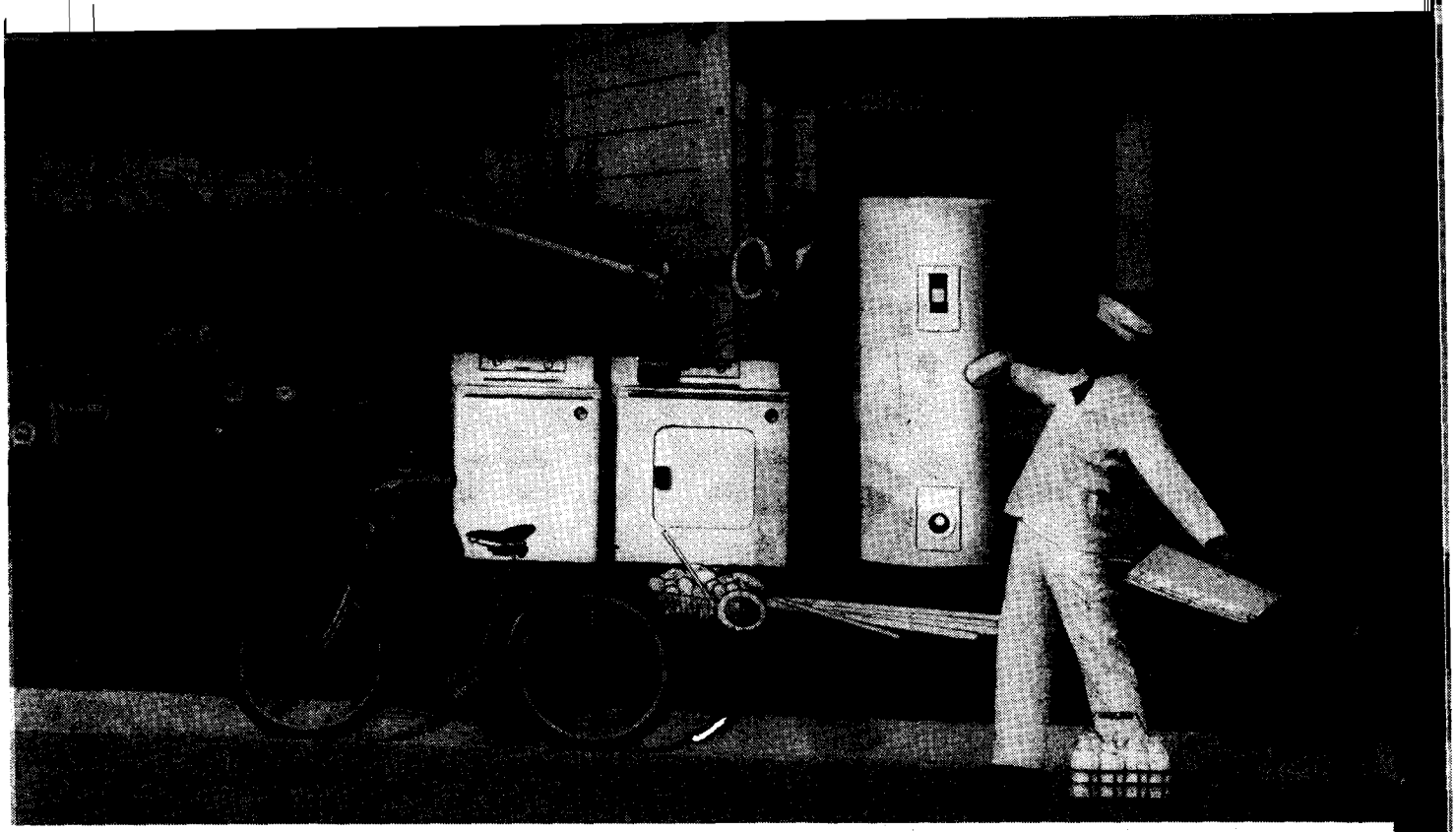

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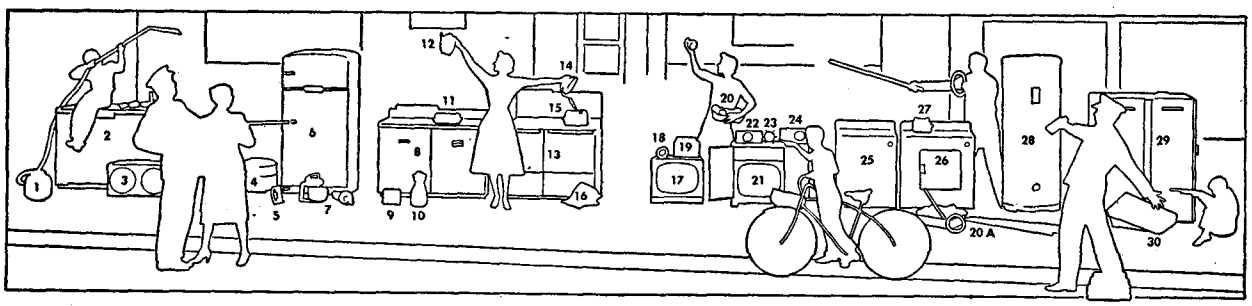

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I have a friend who makes out two Christmas lists: one for the books he is giving and one for the books he hopes to get.

I suspect that he lavishes more care on his own list than on the other; but I'm sure that he takes his giving list very seriously, for he knows that the best gift of all is the right book for the right person.

He used to worry about choosing books for those about whose reading tastes he wasn't quite certain, people like his sister in Wisconsin, his dentist, his father-in-law, and his boss.

A few years ago, however, he hit upon the solution to his problem: anthologies. Not just any anthology, of course; he looks for one that is edited with taste and enthusiasm. He told me the other day that this year's search had been easy, that he was giving Bennett Cerf's brand new "Encyclopedia of Modern American Humor."

Cerf, of course, knows humor as well as anyone around ("His funnybone is his head," says my friend), and he has put into one big handsome book the best American humor of the last 50 years.

There's no room here to list the contents. It's simpler to say what is true: any American writer you think is funny is here. There are even many you may not think of primarily as writers of humor: John O'Hara, Cleveland Amory, Herb Caen, John Mason Brown, John Crosby and Shirley Jackson (Her story "Charles" is my choice for the best thing in the book).

One thing I know: anyone who can't find plenty to amuse him in this book deserves to be left in the gloom of his TV den.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Bennett Cerf's "Encyclopedia of Modern American Humor" ($3.95 for more than 700 pages) is published by Hanover House, a division of Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22, N. Y. Copies may be obtained from your favorite bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, all of which offer special services in wrapping and mailing books chosen as Christmas gifts.

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The Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 20, 1954

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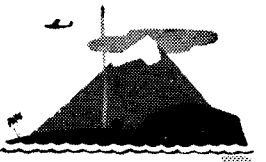

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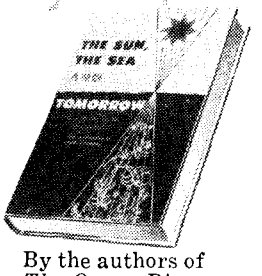

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THE LITERARY SCENE

• • In Midwest book shops, which I had a chance to visit on the first lap of my fall lecture swing, the enormous changes that have befallen the publishing world in the past two years were all too evident. What has come to be known as "package books"—non-fiction jobs conceived by publishers themselves, and produced according to their explicit specifications—dominate almost all the displays. New fiction, aside from the half-dozen leaders, lies utterly neglected on the shelves. One well-known store in Cleveland devoted its entire window to a book about guns, and has

sold more copies of it than all the novels published in the past six weeks combined! Serious, sometimes esoteric paperbacks—like the Anchor and Vintage lines—are having a spirited whirl. "They'll still read a novel if it has guts enough, however," a bookseller in Detroit informed me. "What do you think were my two biggest sellers in October? 'Not As a Stranger' and 'The Caine Mutiny'! And I reordered the fifty-cent edition of 'Battle Cry' three times in two weeks."

• • In Paris, Alice B. Toklas, winding up her new cookbook for Harper's, gave it a last-minute fillip: the recipe for a yummy hashish fudge. All you need is fruit, nuts, peppercorn, coriander, and some crisp, dried marijuana plant. "Two pieces," warns Miss Toklas, "are sufficient." Sufficient for what, Miss T.? A pleasant ride to the nearest hoosegow?

• • In Utah, following the uproar caused by the confessions of Rep. Douglas Stringfellow, several bookstores reported a sudden new demand for copies of "The Man Who Wouldn't Talk." The Walter Mitty Association is having itself quite a year!

• • In Rowayton, Dick Bissell stopped depositing royalties from "The Pajama Game" long enough to write a rollicking story of a voyage up-river on a tow boat, called "High Water." The publishers, Little, Brown, helped boom the sale by persuading a Boston society belle to pose for the jacket design, wearing a typical Louisburg Square costume. (They didn't have jackets like that up Boston way when I was a lad!)

• • In Lynn Farnol's office, Mrs. Terry Moore, conscious of the ever-mounting sale of how-to-do-it books, proposed three new titles that could scarcely miss: "Brain Surgery Self-Taught," "How to Build Your Own Swamp," and "Head Shrinking for Fun and Profit."

• • In Singapore, Lin Yutang has become president of a new university intended to provide higher education for youths of Chinese descent in southeast China. The old universities in China proper are strictly off bounds, of course, to all but dedicated Commies. Dr. Lin begins operations with something like ten million dollars in the kitty, envisages a set-up that will soon be in the Oxford-Harvard-Stanford league.

• • In the 1954 Harper $10,000 Prize Novel Contest, Don Mankiewicz's "Trial" was declared the winner. Don's father was the late Herman Mankiewicz, a fabled character out Hollywood way, and his Uncle Joe is the producer of "All About Eve," "Julius Caesar," and "The Barefoot Contessa." Quite a family!

• • In Saratoga, Frank Sullivan boasts that he remains a rebel to the bitter end. He always sails, for instance, under true colors instead of false, leaves no stone turned, and when angry never dreams of hitting the ceiling. He hits the floor—and just lies there screaming. He carries a bag

around with him, letting cats into it, and when he casts discretion it certainly isn't to the winds. "You might also mention," he concludes, "that I do not cast any pearls before swine, either. I save *my* pearls to cast before pretty girls. The reaction is far more gratifying." On my own, I'll mention

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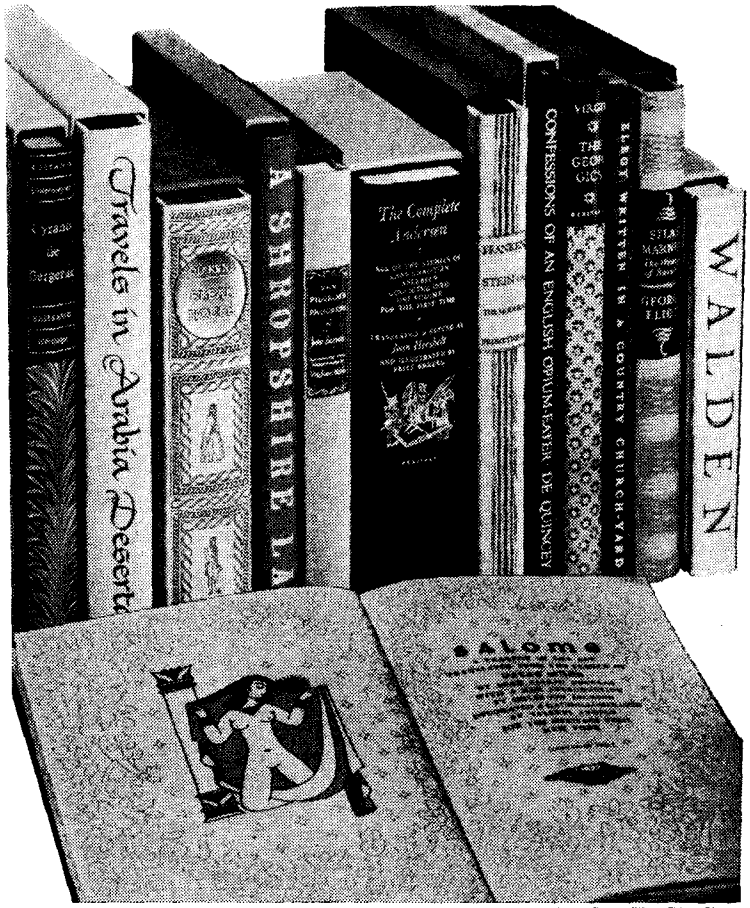

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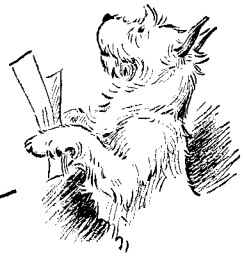

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•• In a book called "How to Draw With the Light Touch" (Sterling, $3.50), Doug Anderson, whose vignettes brighten the TRADE WINDS col-

umns, covers the field from Art Directors (how to sell them) to Zodiacs (drawing them).

•• In Chicago, the U. of C. Press received an order from FILIAL GOSUDARSTVENNOIJ BIBLIOTEKI, Moscow, U.S.S.R., for one copy of the 1950 Chicago Telephone Directory. The order was filled but what comes next knows God.

•• In the Broadway production of "Oh Men! Oh Women!" Henry Sharp turned up in an important supporting role. Mr. Sharp has not always been an actor. He formerly taught languages at the Brooklyn Boys' High School. Among his pupils there were the late Irving Thalberg, Composer Arthur Schwartz, Danny Kaye, and Clifton Fadiman.

•• In Hollywood, Herb Stein reports this devastating brush-off of one of filmdom's top "creators": "The reason he steals a property only once every four years is that it takes him that long to read a book." Herb also quotes Richard Carlson's advice to neophytes aiming for *The New Yorker:* "Write with *Collier's* in mind —then chop off the last two paragraphs."

•• In *Newsweek,* Gina Lollobrigida, voluptuous Italian screen star, mused, "Truman Capote? The first time I met him I asked myself, 'What is this?' But then when one gets to know him one loves him like a baby." Capote, deceptively frail, is a master of the art of judo, has frequently tossed an adversary twice his size unconcernedly over his shoulder.

•• In publisher Gardner Cowles's luxurious inner sanctum, two bobby-soxers were caught red-handed, escaped with a reprimand when they explained glibly, "We just came in to have a *Look.*"

•• In "Father's Footsteps," Damon Runyon, Jr., paints a harrowing but

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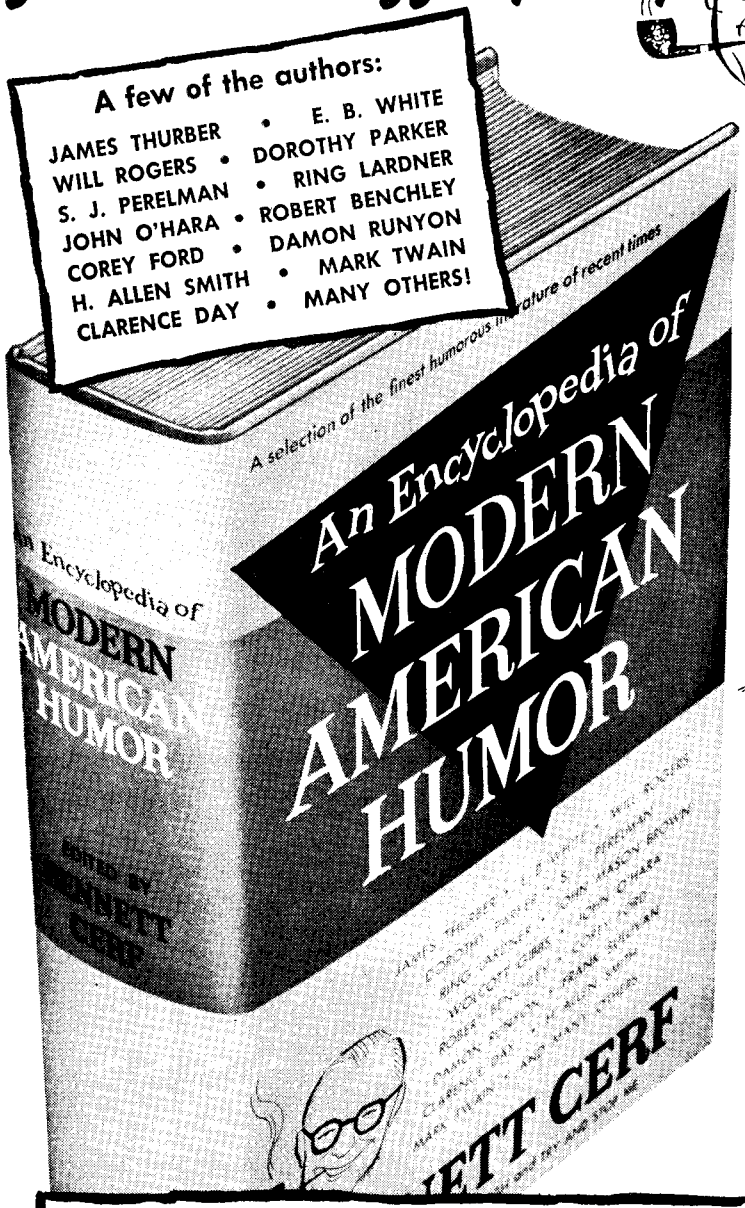
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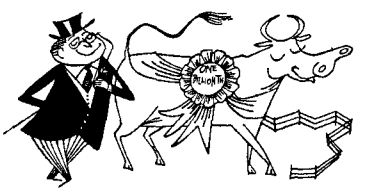
• • In the offices of the International Business Machines Company, headman Tom Watson likes to have signs commanding "THINK" plastered about the premises. Search is now in progress for the miscreant who pencilled "OR THWIM" on the bottom of all of them after the staff had gone home one night.

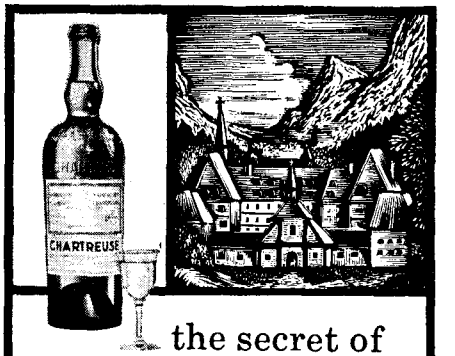
• • In New York, Curtis Benjamin, president of McGraw-Hill, called attention to the fact that the annual peanut harvest in the United States fetches something like 147 million dollars—just forty-seven millions more than the crop cultivated by all the country's book publishers put together.

• • In Chicago, literary lights were among the invitees to the Union Stock Yards, to welcome a Hereford steer from Iowa as the one-billionth animal to pass through its entrance gate. The owner was paid a dollar a pound for it. The steer got a glistening shampoo and curry—but no raincheck.



Yard officials were visibly relieved that the billionth animal turned out to be a respectable steer. Immediately preceding the Hereford a herd of fourteen smelly goats had entered the enclosure.

• • In *The Reporter,* Bill Mauldin confides the formula whereby Harold Ross, late and great editor of *The New Yorker,* managed to stay off radio programs. "I'm a profane *** by nature," he explained, "and whenever one of those *** round-tables or something called up I'd say, 'Hell, yes, I'll be glad to sit in on your *** panel, or whatever the *** you call it!' The word soon got around that I couldn't draw a breath without cussing and the *** hucksters never bothered me again." —BENNETT CERF.



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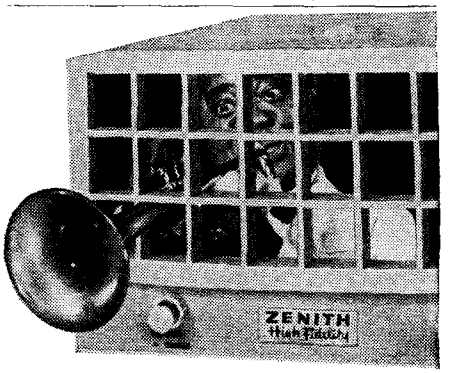

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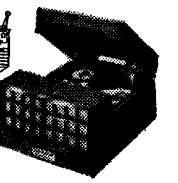

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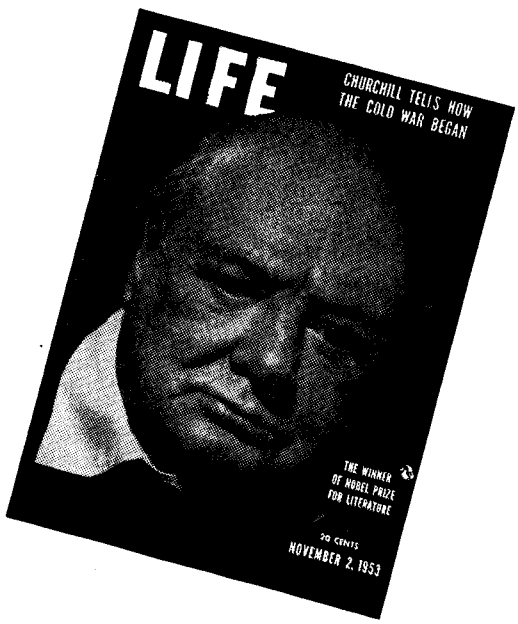

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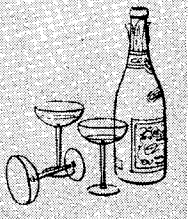

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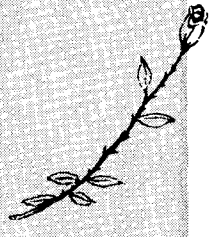

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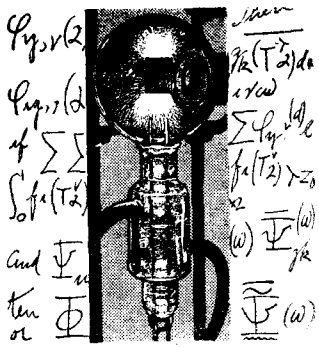
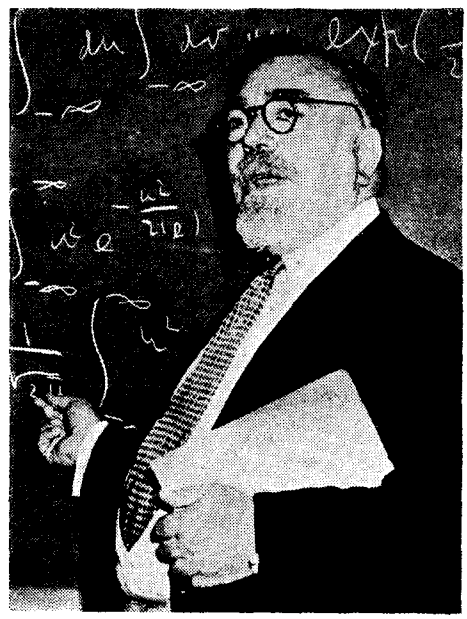
The Saturday Review
NOVEMBER 20 1954



SCIENCE, MONKEYS, AND MOZART

By NORBERT WIENER

EDITOR'S NOTE: A legend in his lifetime, Professor Wiener of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has recorded his early intellectual exploits in "Ex-Prodigy" (1953) and some more recent ones in "Cybernetics" (1948). Ironically, "Cybernetics"—a word coined by Dr. Wiener for the pioneering study of the mathematical and engineering systems of human (and inhuman) communications—has generally inspired visions of elephantine computers and innumerable buttons in just the sort of super-laboratory he deplores here. *SR* asked Dr. Wiener, one of the most influential "pure scientists" alive, for a discussion of how to foster the pure scientist: the dreamer whose ideas may be decades ahead of any practical application. The editors asked him specifically: Does a great mathematical theorist—or a genius like Mozart—spring out of nowhere, or is there some way society can help? Education? In his outspoken article Dr. Wiener emphasizes the importance of a vigorous, free atmosphere of intellectual society; and he states that the modern urge toward more size and more secrecy is endangering those traditions by which all genius is most encouraged.



Norbert Wiener—"ripening leisure."

PERHAPS the central question is, "What had education to do with Mozart?"

This question divides itself into two parts. These are: "What did Mozart's education have to do with Mozart?" and "What did the education of other people have to do with Mozart?"

As to Mozart himself, granting that he was born into a musical family, granting that he was summoned as a child to a musical court, and granting that he had from his earliest youth the chances to hear the best of existing music and to hear the reactions of competent musicians and connoisseurs, his formal education may very well have had little to do with his greatness. Of course, his continuous work of practising must have been a factor leading to the musical discipline and the relative ease of work which made it possible for him to do great things because he became able to ignore small things. Nevertheless, without the musical environment that surrounded him it is doubtful whether he would have developed the taste and the spontaneous habit of good musical thinking which made him Mozart.

The people around him were not Mozarts in the full sense of the word, and in the development of their taste and of that environment in which Mozart could function education, and even a large measure of formal education, must have played a great role.

It is my opinion that the genius of Mozart and the genius of the really great mathematician, and, in particular, of that sort of mathematician who learns his trade young, are different only in direction, but not in character. I speak of mathematicians because I know them best, but what I say is, in my opinion, equally valid in respect to other pure scientists of the highest rank.

I knew one mathematician who resembled Mozart in his intuition, power, and spontaneity who did not, however, have the early contact with other first-rate minds and other artists in his own field which characterized young Mozart. He was Ramunajan, a Tamil-speaking Brahmin

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from the south of India, who was by all odds the most original mathematical mind of the first quarter of this century.

He received an imperfect mathematical education, and he lived for many years in the mathematically isolated circles which he encountered as a clerk on the railway. Nevertheless, he came from a cultured background of deep Brahmin learning and he ultimately had the opportunity of the best mathematical contacts available in India and in England. In England he was a collaborator of G. H. Hardy and J. E. Littlewood, the two greatest British mathematicians of their time. Yet these contacts came too late in his short life—for he died at thirty-three—to bring him into the fullest *rapport* with much of the greatest work of his generation, and he stands in the history of mathematics as one of the first-rate geniuses, but one who under more fortunate circumstances would certainly have contributed far more to the main stream of mathematics.

Indeed, we may throw aside once for all the claim that, because the greatest scientists are men of genius and relatively uninfluenced by their formal education, we may conclude that scientific education is irrelevant to genius.

A scientist must know what is being done in order that the very individuality of his own work may come to full fruition. He must live in a world where science is a career, where he has companions with whom to talk, and in contact with whom he may bring out his own *sève*. It may be true that 95 per cent of the really original scientific work is done by less than 5 per cent of the professional scientists, but the greater part of it would not be done at all if the other 95 per cent were not there and did not help create a high level of public scientific opinion.

Thus, the universities are the mothers of science, whether in England, Germany, France, or the United States. They represent, or should represent, an environment in which criticism, discussion, and evaluation of results are the order of the day, and not rare occasions to which the scientist may be subject not more frequently than once in a few years.

There is no doubt that the present age, and the present age in America in particular, is an epoch in which more men and women are devoting themselves to a formally scientific career than ever before in history. This does not mean that the intellectual environment of science has received a proportional increment. Many of today's American scientists are working in Government laboratories, where secrecy is official, and they are "protected" by the deliberate subdivision of problems to the extent that no man can be fully aware of the general bearing of his own work. In these laboratories, as in the great laboratories of industry, the importance of the scientist is so well realized that he is forced to punch the time-clock and to give an accounting of every last minute of his research. Vacations are cut down to a dead minimum, but consultations and reports and visits to other plants are expanded without limit, so that the scientist, and the young scientist in particular, has not the leisure to ripen his own ideas.

Moreover, the category "scientist" has been expanded so as to include many technicians incapable of a genuine scientific idea, and in this diluted atmosphere the chance encounters between scholars who can appreciate one another, and who can criticize their researches to mutual advantage, have become rare indeed.

Science is better paid than at any time in the past. The results of this pay have been to attract into science many of those for whom the pay is the first consideration, and who scorn to sacrifice immediate profit for the freedom of development of their own concepts. And from the managerial point of view free, individual development, important and indispensable as it may be to the world of science in the future, generally does not have the tendency to put a single cent into employers' pockets. (Perhaps business has learned to take long risks, but they must be calculable risks, and no risk, by its very nature, is less calculable than the risks of profit from new ideas.)

THIS is an age in which the profit motive is exalted, often, indeed, to the exclusion of all other motives. The value of ideas to the community is being estimated in terms of dollars and cents, yet dollars and cents are a fugitive currency compared with that of new ideas. A discovery which may take fifty years before it leads to new engineering practice has only a minimal chance of redounding to the advantage of those who have paid for the work leading up to it, yet if these discoveries are not made, and we keep on living in dependence on those which already exist, we are selling out our future and the future of our children and grandchildren.

This question of long-time institutions is a very real and deep social question. A grove of sequoias may exist for thousands of years; the present crop of wood represents the investment of sun and rain for many centuries. The returns of this investment are here, but how much money

(*Continued on page* 46)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

ONCE MORE THE DISTAFF SIDE

Helene Nitzsche of Maquoketa, Iowa, submits the homebody names of twenty American women writers and the titles of twenty books, and asks you to match each title to a non-writing name and to supply the name under which each writer writes. If, of the forty desiderata, you dredge up twenty, not bad; between twenty-one and thirty, well and good; thirty or better, admirable. Answers on page 20.

1.	Mrs. Ferner Nuhn	( )	"Lucinda Marries the Doctor"
2.	Mrs. Bruce Brodie	( )	"The Locusts Have No King"
3.	Mrs. Michael Quin	( )	"Good Morning, Young Lady"
4.	Mrs. Bertram Bloch	( )	"The Can-Opener Cookbook"
5.	Mrs. Charles Healy	( )	"Some Others and Myself"
6.	Mrs. Howard Wilson	( )	"New Heaven, New Earth"
7.	Mrs. J. Lee Bausher	( )	"Hope for the Troubled"
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THE UNIFORM OF JUSTICE—III

FRANKFURTER
The Past Is Prologue

—Wide World

The Frankfurters—"adhesive reputation as a radical."

By JOHN MASON BROWN

THE shaming reasons for much of the opposition to Frankfurter did not show themselves until Roosevelt, who had already elevated Black and Reed to the Court as his first appointments, suddenly sent Frankfurter's name to the Senate early in January 1939. "Honestly, I think Felix's nomination," wrote the President, "has pleased me more than anybody else in the whole country." Although many shared his pleasure and many did not, no American, proud of his country and believing in its promises, could be pleased by the prejudices, hatreds, and slanders that floated to the surface in the Senate hearings.

The hearings lasted only three days, compared to the month-and-a-half ordeal which Brandeis endured twenty-three years before. This much was good about them. Among their other cheering aspects were these: that most of the Senators acquitted themselves admirably; that Frankfurter did, too, as the second nominee to the Supreme Court to appear before the Judiciary Committee in its entire history; and that those who testified against him, instead of being prominent and responsible citizens like Brandeis's opposition, were mainly crackpots and fanatics. One's horrible suspicion is, however, that the views expressed in public were privately shared (and still are) by too many who should know better.

The hearings make frightening reading today because, though presumably a blemish on the past, they have a sickeningly contemporary ring. They have their interludes which would be hilarious if laughing at them were not like having fun at Bedlam. The eleven witnesses were on the whole a sorry lot. They included a man who identified himself as national director of the Constitutional Crusaders of America, an organization which, in spite of claiming to represent almost everybody in the United States except the CIO, the AFL, Dr. Townsend, and Professor Frankfurter, turned out never to have had a meeting, much less a convention, and to have a membership of one. The climax in this crusader's testimony came when he read into the record a telegram which asked, "Why not an American from Revolution times instead of a Jew from Austria just naturalized?" and Senator Neely answered, "An American from Revolution times would be too old."

Another witness was Elizabeth Dilling, author of *The Red Network*, who insisted Frankfurter's being a member of the national committee of the American Civil Liberties Union was a proof of his Communism, apparently forgetting that this same ACLU had once defended her right to broadcast her opinions. There was even "a Seneca Indian from the State of Indiana" who, speaking for the American Indian Federation, said she opposed Frankfurter because the Civil Liberties Union (she could only guess it was with Frankfurter's knowledge) had supported a bill which "communized" Indian living.

Freakish and contemptible as most of the statements were, the hearings had their high points. One came when Senator Borah thundered at a witness, "So far as I am concerned, I do not propose to listen to an argument against a man because of his religion." Another was supplied by Frankfurter. When asked by Senator McCarran if he would agree with Harold Laski, had Laski in one of his books advocated Marxism, Frankfurter replied, "Senator, I do not believe you have ever taken an oath to support the Constitution of the United States with fewer reservations than I have or would now, nor do I believe you are more attached to the theories (he later added that by 'theories' he meant 'principles') and practices of Americanism than I am. I rest my answer on that statement."

Inevitably, the often-quoted letter Theodore Roosevelt wrote Frankfurter in 1917 was again quoted; the letter in which T. R. condemned the attitude taken by Frankfurter in his report to Wilson on the Bisbee deportations as being "fundamentally that of Trotsky and other Bolsheviki leaders in Russia." Fortunately, Frankfurter's little-known answer, in which he denied the views attributed to him and wondered if the ex-President might not have had the letter of another correspondent in mind, was also included. Moreover, Frankfurter was granted permission to introduce his widely misinterpreted reports on the Bisbee and Mooney cases.

What Frankfurter deplored in the deportation of the striking war workers from Bisbee, Arizona, to New Mexico was that the action "was wholly illegal and without authority in law, either State or Federal." In the San Francisco dynamitings he held no brief for Mooney, whom he described as "a well-known labor radical," "associated with anarchists," and "a believer in 'direct action' in labor controversies." He was disturbed by the prejudicial atmosphere in which the trial was held, and appalled to find that Mooney's first conviction was based on the flimsy evidence of dubious witnesses. Accordingly, he recommended a new trial at which Mooney's guilt or innocence could be "put to the test of unquestionable justice."

In both cases, as cannot be emphasized too strongly, Frankfurter wrote not as the friend of labor, capital, or any special interest, but as the champion of law and justice. Though overlooked by those who testified against him at the hearings, it was precisely in this spirit that Frankfurter undertook his famous article for the March 1927 *Atlantic* about the Sacco and Vanzetti case. This article, written after the case had dragged on for six years, was referred to constantly at the hearings to prove that Frankfurter was not only the friend of anarchists but a dangerous agitator himself.

IT IS hard to understand, reading that article today as expanded into book form, why it should have created such a furor, scandalized proper Bostonians, imperiled Frankfurter's position at Harvard, and won him an adhesive reputation as a radical. It is a courtroom chronicle told as simply and engrossingly as any ever recounted by William Roughead or Edmund Pearson. The miscarriage of justice is its one flaming theme. Its strength lies in the skill with which

(*Continued on page* 42)

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Playwright on a Soapbox

"Sunset and Evening Star," by Sean O'Casey *(Macmillan. 339 pp. $4.75), is the latest panel in the autobiography of the Irish playwright who gave the English-speaking stage such classics as "Juno and the Paycock" and "Plough and the Stars." Here it is reviewed by Horace Gregory, well-known American poet and critic.*

By Horace Gregory

WHEN The Abbey Theatre was a living force in Dublin—the years extended from 1899 to 1937—when Irish plays caused riots of cheers or hisses as well as the threat of stones and broken chairs, when the plays themselves were more than an evening's entertainment, and were a serious, yet often lively contribution to literature, the name of Sean O'Casey had singular distinction. It moved with five others—W. B. Yeats, Bernard Shaw, J. M. Synge, Lady Gregory, and Paul Vincent Carroll—names that became associated with dramatic genius, each with its highly individual gifts and talents, and together they proved the existence of a national literature that transcended provincial insights, quarrels, theories, as well as local politics.

It is in this nearly Olympian company of two dozen plays written under the names I have listed and produced on the Abbey stage that O'Casey's "Juno and the Paycock" and his "Plough and the Stars" belong. No critic can deprive O'Casey of that honor or those two signs of writing supremely well. His characters were urban peasants, dwellers in slum tenements, in time of civil war—and his "Captain" Jack Boyle of "Juno and the Paycock" has already found his more than life-size place not too far from the figure of Wilkins Micawber.

Of the plays that O'Casey has written or produced since 1926 none contains the singular combination of theatrical skill and shrewd appraisal of all-too-human acts and motives that charged his successful plays with the illusion of life. Since the writing of "The Plough and the Stars" O'Casey has followed too closely the sentimental, serio-comic, melodramatic tradition of Dion Boucicault, who wrote "The Colleen Bawn" and "The Octoroon," an anti-slavery play of the 1850s. His later plays reflect the skills of theatrical facility rather than the moral forces which so often inspire dramatic art.

Since 1939, and after his removal from Dublin to England, O'Casey has been at work writing six volumes of his autobiography, of which "Sunset and Evening Star" is the latest instalment. For certain Irish writers who came of age during Eire's long civil war London became a sanctuary, a place where in the oasis of Hyde Park any man could mount a soap-box to have his say. Most of O'Casey's autobiographical writings are of the soapbox variety, timed for a laugh, a cheer, or a hoot of rage from those who hear or read them. Such prose has been known as Irish eloquence since the days when Samuel Lover wrote his "Handy Andy."

Of the six books "Inishfallen, Fare Thee Well" is the most impressive because it recalls with greater vividness than the others the years of O'Casey's fame, the years of civil war, of writing his two memorable plays, of meeting Lady Gregory and W. B. Yeats—anything after those high moments arrives as an anticlimax. In this book O'Casey's voice was the last echo of the more stormy scenes which took place during the half century of the Irish Renaissance; the book has its place in Irish literary history.

"SUNSET AND EVENING STAR" is sparse in anecdote and weighted by political innuendo. The book has a report of O'Casey's wife's visit to the bedside of the dying Bernard Shaw, flashes of O'Casey himself on New York's Broadway and in his last meetings with Lady Gregory; it is clear enough that O'Casey is a man of the theatre, loving the bright lights, the smells, the sounds of the green room, the sight of drama critics in the lobby before the curtain rises, the excitement that fills Shaftesbury Avenue and the streets off Broadway at theatre hour. The book also contains an amusing fantasy of Kathleen ni Houlihan in a British pub, but behind these sketches the image of the Hyde Park soap-box rises and on the placard across the speaker's chest is lettered "Communist Party."

Very nearly the whole of a chapter in the book with its title "Rebel Orwell" is devoted to slippery, double-talk abuse of George Orwell and

—From "Ireland," by James Reynolds (Farrar, Straus).

". . . highly individual gifts and talents."

"Animal Farm." Confused interpretation of facts and character assassination have long been the marks of totalitarian methods, Communist as well as Nazi, in literary criticism; O'Casey follows the formula neatly:

> And Orwell had quite a lot of feeling for himself; so much so that, dying, he wanted the living world to die with him. When he saw, when he felt, that the world wouldn't die with him he turned the world's people into beasts; Orwell's book of beasts. Since that didn't satisfy his yearning ego, he prophetically destroyed world and people in 1984.

"Animal Farm" has been a difficult book for Communists to refute; it is too clearly a parable of what happened in the USSR. "Nineteen Eighty-four" is a warning of what would happen if Communists took control throughout the world; both books are destructive only to those who hold with desperation to Communist Party lines. The ugly side of O'Casey's comment is that Orwell is dead and cannot answer him. There is more than a little trace of the inhuman, certainly of the inhumane, in O'Casey's conduct.

The same inhuman strain appears as he tells the story, a well-known one to newspaper correspondents, of a woman whose husband vanished into the political machinery of the USSR; O'Casey does all he can to make the woman seem unattractive: "graying hair fell down to the shoulders in slender hanks, hanging untidily . . . her face . . . very pale . . . glared brazenly." O'Casey replies to her anger and grief calmly, "I have been a comrade to the Soviet Union for twenty-three years . . . I've no evidence that he was taken by the Ogpu."

From his correspondence he quotes the following letter which he intro-

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duces as from "an American mother" one of the "still, small" voices crying out of the United States:

> . . . the landlord was a force to be reckoned with almost on the lofty level of the Government and the Lord above. Today they gave my little girl a bit of metal on a chain to wear around her neck. It's called a Dog-Tag (der Tag!) . . . That's if Russia bombs us we'll be able to identify the pint-sized remains. The stamped letters with the child's and father's names are supposed to be especially valuable. Flame-tested, I guess. Neither I nor my child will ever wear one.

O'Casey replies: "There is no need to wear them, O little girl and grown-up woman. Soviet bombs will never fall on New York City, unless New York bombs fall on Moscow first." The style of the letter resembles that of the correspondence column in the *Daily Worker*, and O'Casey's reply is the usual editorial comment on it in the same paper. O'Casey has lost his earlier gifts; how much better it would have been if he had followed Yeats's advice:

> I never bade you go
> To Moscow or to Rome.
> Renounce that drudgery.
> Call the Muses home.

The only engaging and human touch left in the final book of O'Casey's autobiography is his enjoyment of the theatre; as some Regency snobs were said to love a lord, so he delights in loving New York drama critics.

"The Reverend Mr. Wickhauser will be our technical consultant on the new 'Adam and Eve' production."

Amatory Jottings of a Pure Spirit

***"Emily Dickinson—A Revelation," by Millicent Todd Bingham** (Harper. 109 pp. $3), uses a packet of heretofore unpublished letters to illuminate the relationship of the poet with Judge Otis Phillips Lord. Richard Chase, who reviews it here, is a member of the English department of Columbia University and author of the volume on Emily Dickinson in the American Writers Series.*

By Richard Chase

IT is of course characteristic of most Emily Dickinson scholarship that any new information about her should be presented as "a revelation," with all the portentous mystification and hushed excitement which this phrase arouses. Millicent Todd Bingham is the daughter of Mabel Loomis Todd, to whom Austin Dickinson gave many of his sister's manuscript poems and letters in the 1890s. She is by intention a careful and unsensational writer. To this her earlier Dickinson volumes, "Ancestors' Brocades" and "Bolts of Melody," attest. There was no need to stir up apocalyptic expectations by titling her newest book "Emily Dickinson —A Revelation." Mrs. Bingham's purpose is to present a slim packet of Dickinson letters, and these are in themselves sufficiently arresting. One only regrets the sixty years during which exaggerated feelings of delicacy led Mrs. Bingham and her mother to withhold the letters from publication.

Actually what we have here are not letters but drafts of letters addressed by Emily Dickinson to Judge Otis Phillips Lord during the later years of her life. Judge Lord has been known to Dickinson scholars by fugitive references, such as the entry in the diary of Thomas Westworth Higginson, who noted on May 19, 1886 that as he gazed at Emily Dickinson in her coffin "the sister Vinnie put in two heliotropes by her hand 'to take to Judge Lord'." Mrs. Bingham now supplies some information about the Judge, showing that he was a lifelong friend of Edward Dickinson, Emily's father, that after her father's death Emily's relation to Judge Lord became more intimate, and that she came to think of him as more than just a good family friend or as a substitute for her father.

The striking fact about these epistolary jottings is their amatory language and imagery. They still seem to have intimate personal meaning even after one has made all the reservations that have to be made about Emily Dickinson's letters. For it is well known that she wrote to many friends, of both sexes, in the most exaggerated language of rapture and love. Many of her letters, especially those written as she grew older, seem to declare an earthly passion for some male friend of the family, or even to propose marriage, until we see that the attachment she has in mind is of a purely spiritual order. All persons are perfectly in love to the extent that they are in the fellowship of eternity—so she often seems to say in her cryptic language. And the only real love is that which comes to those who have died, to those "keepers of that great Romance still to us foreclosed," as she writes to Judge Lord, adding in her peculiar idiom that "the power and the glory are the post-mortuary gifts." This attitude tends to give everyone for whom she feels friendship or admiration the same exalted status. Thus in one of her letters to Lord she speaks of the deaths in 1882 of the Reverend Charles Wadsworth and of Emerson

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as if the loss of both were equally appalling to her. Yet as a young woman she had been in love with Wadsworth, whereas she did not even know Emerson. Furthermore, at the same time she was writing to Lord she was writing other letters expressing to friends her undying attachment to Wadsworth, her "beloved clergyman."

Even so, the correspondence with Judge Lord has a unique erotic quality, paralleled if at all only in letters long since destroyed. So far as we know the meetings of Emily Dickinson and the Judge were confined to chats in the parlor during his infrequent visits to Amherst. Yet we find her saying, "Should I have curbed you sooner? . . . Don't you know you are happiest while I withhold and not confer. . . . Oh, my too beloved, save me from the idolatry that would crush us both." And if this seems, although surprising, a little kittenish in a virginal recluse of fifty years, we have the following more complicated language: "The 'Stile' is God's—My Sweet One—for your great sake—not mine—and I will not let you cross—but it is all your's, and when it is right I will lift the Bars, and lay you in the Moss. You showed me the word."

In such passages as this the Lord letters add a new dimension to our understanding of that harrowing decade after 1874, when Emily Dickinson's imagination was most tortured, most metaphysical, and most daring. But they do not reveal anything which implies a major revision in our thinking about Emily Dickinson's life or her writing.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Some Others and Myself," by Ruth Suckow. 2. "A Gradual Joy," by Alma Routsong. 3. "Those Other People," by Mary King O'Donnell. 4. "The Sounding Brass," by Edythe Latham. 5. "Bridle the Wind," by Julia Davis. 6. "Snips and Snails," by Louise Baker. 7. "Miracle in Brittany," by Mildred Jordan. 8. "Milk Route," by Martha Ostenso. 9. "Circle of the Day," by Helen Howe. 10. "Hope for the Troubled," by Lucy Freeman. 11. "The Locusts Have No King," by Dawn Powell. 12. "New Heaven, New Earth," by Arthémise Goertz. 13. "The Happy People," by Sara Jenkins. 14. "Come, My Beloved," by Pearl S. Buck. 15. "Lady With a Spear," by Eugenie Clark. 16. "Lucinda Marries the Doctor," by Elizabeth Seifert. 17. "Good Morning, Young Lady," by Ardyth Kennelly. 18. "Johnswood," by Charlie May Simon. 19. "The Can-Opener Cookbook," by Poppy Cannon. 20. "Beyond This Shore," by Virgilia Peterson.

Prose, Poetry, and the Love of Life

"Selected Essays of William Carlos Williams" *(Random House. 340 pp. $4.50), draws on the whole body of the New Jersey poet-physician's prose work. Here Richard Eberhart, poet-in-residence at Wheaton College, Norton, Massachusetts, examines it to appraise his position as a writer.*

By Richard Eberhart

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS is best as a poet, but he has written a great deal of prose. He is very good at that too. "Selected Essays" is some of the best. He is a professional writer with a strong will to keep his eye on the object. He is unable to fix it anywhere else. Like Shaw, he has become a writing machine. He is what used to be called an extrovert. This quality has stood him in good stead. It has now, in his late period, turned him into a Significant American Phenomenon.

What is in the book? It is a long book made up of essays reprinted from defunct little magazines of the Twenties, Thirties, and Forties; of articles and reviews from previous books, newspapers, and magazines; and of hitherto unpublished essays, of which there is a generous and stimulating amount.

The reader may find here "A Note on the Recent Work of James Joyce," from *transition,* 1927, with an attack on the Joyce-attacking Rebecca West in "A Point for American Criticism" following. And he may come up to the present in reading Williams on Dylan Thomas.

It is an impressive array of prose. Williams is all of a piece. His critical ideas are coherent, alive, and brisk. He is as readable as a good newspaper. One can read him with no more effort than it takes to read *The New York Times.* Why? He believes in facts and things; it is easy to get into things and facts. He does not stop to ponder. He is not apriorily inclined. He starts to write. He thinks as he goes along. He makes himself think in the act of writing. It is a theory of his.

The pieces from *Contact, transition,* and other early little magazines are particularly fascinating. This book is valuable. How else would one dig out those sparkling old pieces: the war in favor of Antheil, the word according to Gertrude Stein, Marianne Moore early extolled, "An Afternoon with Tchelitchew"? Or find, in their years, his reactions to Pound's Cantos, Matisse, Sandburg?

Williams was always fighting for novelty and change, for the new. He took his cue in some matters from Pound. He was an American sprinter, running so fast he hadn't time to note his style.

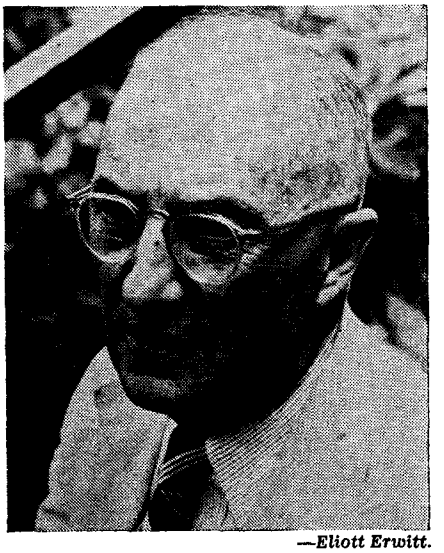
In his preface he speaks for style as against content. "It is not what you say that matters but the manner in which you say it, there lies the secret of the ages." His own style, however, denies that he has unlocked the secret. What he says in prose is more important than how he says it. He writes a direct, informative style only one hop above journalese. This is directly tied to the writing of prescriptions, I suppose.

The phenomenon is that, after forty years of writing a vigorous, direct prose attacking, attacking, always with precision, with gusto, and in good humor, this most human and lovable doctor-writer has come to seem a symbol of modern America.

HE IS as swift, as practical, as hard-headed, as lithe, as reasonable, as direct, as forceful, and as persuasive as the temper of the country seems to be when you are reading Williams. There is a one-to-one relationship with America. He *is* reality. This is the cause of the success of his present full and late phase. "He attacks, constantly toward a full possession of life by himself as a man."

The intelligent American reader

(Continued on page 38)



—Eliott Erwitt.

William Carlos Williams—"all of a piece."

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THE WORLD

The Case for the West

***"Faith and Freedom," by Barbara Ward** (W. W. Norton. 308 pp. $3.75), offers a balance sheet by which the good that Western civilization has brought to the world may be measured against the evil, with eye-opening results. Here it is reviewed by Geoffrey Bruun, author of "Europe in Evolution" and other books.*

By Geoffrey Bruun

BARBARA WARD is already known to millions on both sides of the Atlantic who have heard her lecture or have read "The West at Bay" and "Policy for the West." Her new volume, "Faith and Freedom," restates some of the propositions she previously advanced, and it may in a sense be classified as the third of a trilogy. But the time span she traverses in "Faith and Freedom" is vaster, the range of her thought more comprehensive, and her prose —always persuasive and luminous— attains a new level of eloquence, a grace and nobility not unworthy of "the height of this great argument."

The argument, of course, as in her preceding volumes, is the defense and justification of Western civilization and its values. Although she describes her book as merely "one writer's attempt to wrestle with the angel of history," she speaks for all thoughtful people in Western Europe and America who are troubled by the anomalies between Western ideals and Western practices.

Today "perhaps 70 per cent of the world's income is enjoyed by 18 per cent of the world's people, the bulk of them living around the North Atlantic." This extraordinary material advantage achieved by the Atlantic community explains the preponderant role it exercises in the world's economy. But wealth alone does not justify itself or its possessor. In a world where riches and resources are unevenly distributed the West needs other and better arguments to justify its claim to leadership.

Communists assail the democratic nations with the charge that their wealth is the product of colonialism and expropriation, and that in an overcrowded world they still keep large areas and immense resources undeveloped rather than share them. Dredging history these critics drag up the penal practices of the eighteenth century, or the ugliest details of the African slave-trade, to flay the conscience of the West. And the conscience of the West is sensitive. "Sometimes as one looks at accounts of such inhumanities," Miss Ward confesses, "the question arises whether the guilt and bitterness stored up in those outwardly rational and optimistic years can be fully discharged from Western civilization."

The only effective way to meet such indictments is to compile a balance sheet in which the good that Western civilization has brought to the world may be measured against the evil. Miss Ward's book is such a balance sheet. The first half evaluates the origins and growth of European civilization, tracing its religious heritage from the Hebrews and its rational heritage from the Greeks. No other civilization known to history fostered the same respect for the freedom and dignity of the individual.

THE second half of the book contains an appraisal of current world problems and a challenge to the free nations to reassert their moral leadership more convincingly. Former evils of capitalism are now the capital of the evil who depict plutocracy in garments it has outgrown. The mounting antagonism between expropriators and expropriated that Marx forecast a century ago has been steadily modified in the free world by social and economic reforms and the more equitable distribution of wealth. Such "reversals of probability," by no means rare in Western history, confute the determinists and provide those who would defend the free way of life with strong moral arguments. But instead of urging such arguments they cite material considerations—a higher standard of living, a greater productive potential, a capacity for massive atomic retaliation.

To merit leadership, Miss Ward concludes, the West must accept the responsibility that wealth confers, must belie its detractors by continuing to correct internal abuses, and must aid that large fraction of the global population that live in economically retarded areas. There is no space here to analyze her sane proposals along these lines. The most intelligent comment a reviewer can make on a book of such wisdom, eloquence, and timeliness is: Read it!

THE AUTHOR: Barbara Ward is an attractive example of a versatility ranging from mending Robert's socks to unscrambling Earth's politics. Miss Ward, a probing, realistic British journalist of forty who is really Mrs. Jackson, is living these days in Accra, the Gold Coast, the region Robert G. A. Jackson is studying for its aluminum potential. He is an ex-Assistant Secretary General of the United Nations. "I am vegetating at the moment," Miss Ward wrote a friend in New York the other day. "I am writing a few pieces for *The New York Times Magazine* and a supplement on India for *The Economist*. I sit and 'scribble, scribble, scribble, Mrs. Gibbon,' in an airy upstairs study with a distant view of the sea. Otherwise I read long books and mend Robert's socks." Miss Ward arrived in West Africa a couple of years ago after a career at once hurried and remarkable. By the time she was twenty-six she was *Economist*'s foreign editor. Her reputation was initially confined to England's serious classes, but she caught on among the man- and woman-in-the-street in the early Forties when she joined the panel of BBC's "Brain Trust," a kind of "Information, Please." She subsequently had to abandon the microphone when, in 1946, she was appointed the youngest governor of the BBC. She picked up another spare-time job then—a governor of the Sadler's Wells-Old Vic trust. Her versatility has carried her across the Atlantic a number of times, in print and in person. Pieces of hers have appeared in *Foreign Affairs* and *Harper's*, among other magazines; lectures by her have been given before the *Herald-Tribune* "Forum" and "America's Town Meeting of the Air." It is just about impossible for her to be dull. Once Miss Ward campaigned in Lewisham for the Labor Party's Herbert Morrison. She was scheduled to speak five minutes, but things went wrong and she found herself with a hundred minutes at her disposal. "It was an enormous crowd, but she held it, all right," an ear-witness proudly recalls. "She was splendid. Didn't falter once, you know."

—BERNARD KALB.

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Reply to Toynbee

***"The Lie About the West," by Douglas Jerrold** (Sheed & Ward. 85 pp. $1.75), is the answer of a Tory historian and Christian to Arnold Toynbee's interpretation of the impact of the West upon the world. Chilton Williamson, who reviews it here, is associate professor of history at Barnard College, Columbia University.*

By Chilton Williamson

IT WAS a foregone conclusion that Arnold J. Toynbee's recent historical and religious analyses would create a storm. His "The World and the West" examined the impact of an aggressive West upon the world and pronounced its major effects to have been bad. Moreover, he suggested that Christianity may have lost the initiative and that a new religion might emerge from an amalgam of certain Christian concepts with some derived from the Hindu. Judging by the British press Mr. Toynbee has since had a personal problem of peaceful coexistence with some of his former admirers as well as with those who never accepted his interpretation of history.

As a Tory historian and as a Christian in sympathy with some of the ideas of T. S. Eliot, Douglas Jerrold rejects Mr. Toynbee's history and prophecy. His "The Lie About the West" is an attack upon Toynbee the apostate in such a form as to give no comfort to the modern secularist. Mr. Jerrold accuses him of reviving the war of the *philosophes* against Christianity, refers to him as "the Professor," remarks that he "gasps" at some of Mr. Toynbee's ideas and characterizes others as being "far-fetched." Perhaps the only understatement in the book is his complaint Mr. Toynbee had not stated clearly his position upon the future role of Hinduism.

Douglas Jerrold—"convincing case."

As an historian Mr. Jerrold makes some interesting comments upon Mr. Toynbee's handling of his evidence; he challenges most of his generalizations as well as the accuracy of some of his facts. Mr. Jerrold also perpetrates some errors, such as his contention that Russian history in modern times has been a history of expansion, until checked in 1918. Actually, Russia suffered major checks on the occasions of the Crimean War, the Congress of Berlin, and the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-1905. Nevertheless, Mr. Jerrold's case against Mr. Toynbee is on the whole convincing.

As a Christian Mr. Jerrold cannot accept the implications of historical and philosophical relativism which seem to hover around Mr. Toynbee, arguing instead in defense of the traditional interpretation of the uniqueness of Christianity. One could go further and say that Mr. Toynbee's expectations that the new religion will contain this element from Christianity and that from Hinduism illustrate the tendency to make God subordinate to man's will. The agnostic would phrase it differently. He would say that Mr. Toynbee's quest illustrates the old saw that an honest God is the noblest work of man. A good case could be made for the position that Mr. Toynbee is not merely a challenge to Christianity but to all traditional religions, and that the religious had best beware the Englishman a-bearing gifts.

Despite Mr. Jerrold's efforts to defend the Christian religion exclusively he has done a service in smoking Mr. Toynbee out by focusing attention upon the problem which he now presents. Speaking in terms of nineteenth-century analogies Mr. Toynbee's critics are not battling a freethinker like Charles Bradlaugh but a Pan-Hindu like the late Mrs. Annie Besant.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1077)

MEMORY McGONIGAL:
CALENDAR-PIECE

Some months can happen anywhere, but some
Seem native-born to one particular scene.
The heavy crown of August makes a queen
Of blonde Nebraska, and the cool aplomb
Of March belongs in Maine; but O, a glum
November day . . . that's Manhattan weather!

Republic in Motion

***"The United States in a Changing World," by James P. Warburg** (G. P. Putnam. 496 pp. $5.75), is a reexamination of American foreign policy since the founding of the Republic, with an attempt to apply some of its lessons to our present dilemmas. Our reviewer, Charles Burton Marshall, is a former member of the State Department Policy Planning Staff and author of "The Limits of Foreign Policy."*

By Charles Burton Marshall

JAMES P. WARBURG's ninth book in nine years—his twenty-first all told—is ambitious in scope. "The United States in a Changing World" relates the political interactions between the United States and the world external to its jurisdiction. The account begins with influences and impulses antecedent to the nation itself, born of the background in royal, feudal Europe. It closes with disquieting notice of a present temptation to return to "going it alone"—alone that is, except for Chiang, Rhee, Franco, and maybe Adenauer—rather than reexamining our premises in the face of apparent rising dissatisfaction with American leadership among our allies.

The source of the impulse to go it alone, as Mr. Warburg points out, is deep in the American experience. The proposition of national independence arose largely from American resentment over being caught and hurt in Europe's national and dynastic quarrels. Yet the Declaration in 1776 itself was a set of general propositions asserting universal validity. Hamilton and Jefferson were divided in mind as between the concepts of a discrete nation and of a nation bound to work out its own scope and power of ordaining. The dialogue between these two concepts in the American mind persists to this day.

Such interplay of historic impulses reminds one of Aristotle's distinction between drama and epic—the one being susceptible of being brought to conclusion, the other capable only of leaving off. As historian Mr. Warburg can only leave off in his account. Yet this leaves the humanist in him unsatisfied. The tale must have a resolved ending. The author supplies it in an affirmation of hope for "universal disarmament, enforced by supranational authority, and worldwide economic cooperation"—all these, in his view, "the indispensable necessities of mankind." The nation, he says, cannot

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assure their arrival but by default can certainly foreclose them. Thus the one impulse becomes fulfilment; the other, default.

A grain of caution is called for in considering the book. Essay is easier than decision, and criticism less exacting than performance. This is something worthy of general understanding. Mr. Warburg's book does not clearly bring this out, though one must give the author credit for discussing the tribulations of the recent past without the accusatory pose, the recriminatory revisionism, characteristic of so much current writing in this field. According to his recurring premise—sometimes articulated—a little better staff work, a little more insight, could have set things aright.

EVEN at the price of misplaced emphasis let us consider for particularity the author's all too elliptical discussion of the withdrawal of American ground forces from South Korea in 1949. They should not have been deployed into that untenable and strategically irrelevant peninsula in the first place, he observes. Well enough, but what would he be saying in the judgment of hindsight today if the United States had acquiesced in Communist domination of the Korean nation by expediently declining to share in the Japanese surrender there—an acquiescence clearly in default of the plighted word of the Atlantic Charter and the Cairo Declaration? Mr. Warburg's moralizations about Yalta and Potsdam leave no doubt of the answer.

Mr. Warburg blames the Joint Chiefs of Staff, under General Eisenhower's chairmanship, for recommending the 1949 withdrawal. Yet suppose they had left the meager ground forces available in the Far East divided between Japan and Korea—just enough to be not enough in either place—and general war had overtaken them. What would Mr. Warburg and others now be saying of such improvident deployment? The author reproves the United States's remissness in not having trained up in South Korea, before withdrawing, an army equivalent to that of North Korea. This overlooks the absence in the one place and the availability in the other of extensive Korean resources in command and cadres seasoned in China's civil war—a disparity redressed only after war itself took over as instructor.

Mr. Warburg oversimplifies in a more general and important way, I think, in asserting as the golden answer a reawakening of "faith in man as a rational being . . . a creature endowed with reason and a capacity for infinite progress." All very well, but then who is causing all the trouble in this sad, old world?

FICTION

—By Reginald Marsh, for "The Leatherstocking Saga."

America's Own Sir Walter

"The Leatherstocking Saga," by James Fenimore Cooper *(edited by Allan Nevins. Pantheon Books. 833 pp. $8.50), offers in one volume "the fluid story," without extraneous descriptions and episodes, of "The Deerslayer," "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Pathfinder," "The Pioneers," and "The Prairie." Here it is appraised by Paul I. Wellman, historian and novelist of the American West, whose latest book is "Glory, God, and Gold."*

By Paul I. Wellman

ONE OF the truly great milestones in American letters was the work of James Fenimore Cooper, who did for this hemisphere what Sir Walter Scott did for Britain and Scotland—created the true American historical novel. Prior to his time American writers had aped those of the Continent; Cooper provided a fresh and native approach, and as a result his novels have been perhaps more widely read than those of any other author of this nation, translated into every important language in the world, besides being republished in edition after edition in the United States.

"He created an American literature out of American materials," wrote William Lyon Phelps of Cooper. "It had in its robust tones no echoes of Europe. He was less influenced by foreign authors than any other American writer of his time. He was a pathmaker." As a literary pioneer he did more: he established two distinct schools of writing. Before him nobody believed that a sea story could be made interesting. In his great sea novels, beginning with "The Pilot," he blazed the path followed later by Melville, Marryat, Stevenson, Conrad, London, and countless others.

But his greatest achievement was the so-called Leatherstocking Tales, the archetype of all frontier and wilderness writings, both here and abroad. Centering around the personality of Natty Bumppo, the scout, who is called by the "Cambridge History of American Literature" "the most memorable character American fiction has given to the world," these novels have sometimes been called a drama in five acts, having a steady progression and development in the life of their hero, although they were not written in the order that they fit into the story. The books are "The Deerslayer," "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Pathfinder," "The Pioneers," and "The Prairie." Together they showed the way for generations of writers, including H. Rider Haggard, Mayne Reid, Stewart Edward White, Emerson Hough, Robert W. Chambers, Owen Wister, even A. Conan Doyle and Rudyard Kipling—to name only a few who come quickly to mind. And all this was in spite of the fact that Cooper possessed many stylistic faults which have been derided by some critics, including Mark Twain, and was given to endless circumlocutions. The latter are perhaps chiefly responsible for the decline of

(*Continued on page* 33)

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The Saturday Review

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Is the Businessman a Citizen?

A CURRENT advertisement for *Harper's Magazine* calls attention to an article in the November issue on "The Responsibilities of Business," by Peter Drucker.

"More and more," the advertisement says, "it would seem that the managers of American business have no time for business. Symphony orchestras, the United Nations, religious tolerance, freedom of the press, the arts—all absorb management's time and energy. A leading management consultant questions the wisdom of all this, and points out management's real responsibilities to its employes and to its immediate community."

We drew a deep breath when we read this ad. It sounded almost like the half-baked complaints about cultural boondoggling that used to be directed against the Federal Government. But now the businessman is being marked out as the offender. And the pointing finger comes from *Harper's*, of all places!

Mr. Drucker may feel that the advertising copywriter from *Harper's* misplaced the emphasis, for it turns out that most of the article is concerned with what Mr. Drucker calls the "real business of business"—profits, labor-management relations, sound employment practices, etc. Even so, there are enough direct quotations in the article about "cultural frosting" to leave the reader with the same general impression held by the copywriter who wrote the *Harper's* ad.

Mr. Drucker acknowledges that the new attitude in behalf of public service is an "improvement over the 'public-be-damned point of view'" of past years. But, he adds, "there is another sense in which the new attitude is not wholly an improvement. Managers, it seems to me, have gone so far afield in searching for new social responsibility that they have lost sight of those that lie under their very noses."

Mr. Drucker thereupon enumerates some of the key problems that ought to be engaging the attentions of our key businessmen. He begins with the need for managers to make a profit for owners and to cover the risks of the future. He goes on to consider the problem of employe retirement; the problem of stabilized employment ("it is possible to insure an expectation of this sort in a way that makes it dependable for the worker and without risk to the business"); the problem of decentralization or dispersal; and the problem of employment practices as represented, for example, by the exclusive hiring of college graduates for management positions.

The trouble with businessmen taking responsibility in public affairs and cultural enterprises, he says, is that responsibility implies authority, "and it is none of the management's legitimate business to have authority over such matters as education and the arts."

THERE are some startling flaws in the argument. It is not true that a business manager or owner who recognizes a responsibility to education thereby seeks or assumes authority over education. A desire to assist or support doesn't necessarily mean dictation or control. Is Mr. Drucker aware of the excellent work in behalf of public education done by Frank W. Abrams, of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey? Is he familiar with the nationwide activities of Roy Larsen, president of Time, Inc., in helping to create local citizens' groups which can act in behalf of the public schools? Does Mr. Drucker know that Mr. Larsen has been criticized precisely because he has steadfastly kept his national committee from seeking any authority over educational policies or programs? Surely he must know that the Rockefeller family has put hundreds of millions into education without seeking control. Has Mr. Drucker heard about the substantial contributions to scholarship in the field of integrated education made by Julius Stulman, of the Stulman-Emerick Lumber Co.? Mr. Stulman has recognized his responsibility to support the authority of educators. Does Mr. Drucker know of the effective work done by Arthur A. Houghton, Jr., of Corning Glass, and Gilbert W. Chapman, of Yale & Towne, in behalf of the liberal arts? Like other enlightened business leaders, they recognize that industry needs more than technicians and specialists, and that a liberal-arts education is a vital part of management training. Has either man sought "authority" over the liberal arts? Not to our knowledge. There are countless similar cases that cannot have escaped Mr. Drucker's view.

Another basic flaw in the argument is the statement that the public-service activities and cultural interests of business are interfering with profits and other key concerns. It so happens that many of the very business organizations which have made the finest records in public service also show the best balance sheets, and there is doubtless a direct connection between the two. Mr. Drucker appears to be disturbed over the fact that Walter Paepcke, of the Container Corporation of America, "not only asserts, but applies, the theory that management has a responsibility to the arts." Apparently this hasn't hurt Mr. Paepcke's prestige with the stockholders, an impressive number of whom seem to believe that Mr. Paepcke has given his firm a high standing in the business community,

(*Continued on page* 35)

This Solemn Change

By M. B. Thornton

DEATH in a round world turning
For the living
Stands so still
It is not known as peace.
There is yet no interchange,
No greeting,
As in October vivid praise
Is constellation
Of this solemn change.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

APPRECIATION FOR SCHWEITZER

SR's EDITORIAL "The Point About Schweitzer" is one which I am confident will be appreciated very much by those who understand something of Schweitzer's philosophy and life-long action. Last month I saw him in France. He is visibly older, as presumably is to be expected. And he is really inundated by demands upon his time and strength. He tries to meet them all. The fact that he isn't always able to do as he would like weighs greatly upon him.

Thank you for the latest interpretive writing about Schweitzer, and for all you have done before to make his spirit and work more widely known.

EMORY ROSS.

New York, N.Y.

THE SKILL OF DISENCHANTING

YOUR EDITORIAL "The Point About Schweitzer" brings a courageous message. Yet what inspired his words remains disturbing. It is a very common and annoying phenomenon. I refer to the disenchantment of visitors at Lambarene with Schweitzer because of his failure to make of his hospital "the most crisply scientific place in the world." Indeed, there is a pervading disbelief in many people which can bring them to no other end than that of disenchantment. While the critical mind has always been a valuable asset to a man, the schizophrenic concern with minutiae has become a defense mechanism for guarding the mind from nuance or troubling reality. Sad to say, it is this form of fool's paradise which constantly snubs its nose at the most blatant moral truths. We seem to have grown old before our time, to have perfected a set of mind which is, in fact, unbecoming to a child. We have become masters of the momentary appraisal. We have acquired the competitive skill of disenchanting. But, amidst our cheaply earned comfort, ours is a stunted existence. No wonder the force of Schweitzer's example is upsetting. I am bothered that you must even refute these perennial disenchanters. Their minds have succumbed to a pauperish state of hollowness encased securely in crusty protective shells. As he has expressed it, "The tragedy of life is what dies inside a man while he lives."

HENRY A. SOSLAND.

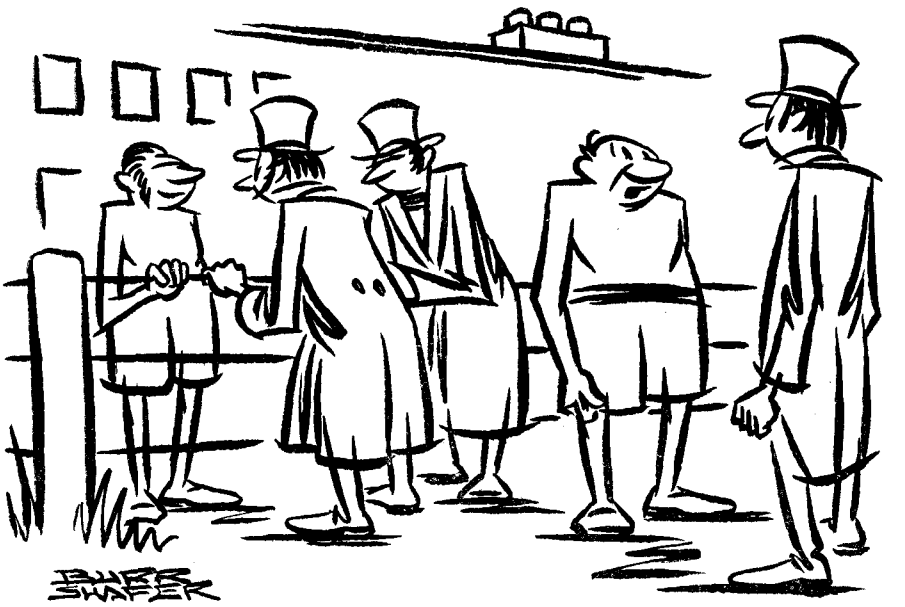
New York, N.Y.

HUMAN ONENESS

IT IS with a sense of deep appreciation that I read your editorial on Albert Schweitzer. I am especially indebted to your phrase that Schweitzer's aim is ". . . that moral splendor is part of the gift of life, and that each man has unlimited strength to feel human oneness and to act upon it." Who would not agree with him that "there is a need in America today for a Schweitzer among us"? I would just like to add that Schweitzer's multifold activities and talents (humanitarian, physician, theologian, philosopher, artist, and musician) would make him an ideal psychiatrist, i.e., healer of human minds and emotions—even though the American Psychiatric Association may not find him "eligible" for membership, as he has not "completed a course of three years of internship in a mental institution!"

HANS A. ILLING.

Los Angeles, Calif.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I don't like to box with the Marquis of Queensberry—he keeps making up his own rules."

CONSPICUOUSLY ABSENT

SALAAM (the deepest) for your very discerning editorial "The Point About Schweitzer" [*SR* Oct. 2]. This is the kind of interpretive comment about the great man that is so needed and which has been so conspicuous by its absence.

ROBERT WILSON HAYS.

Manhattan, Kan.

A COURSE OF ILLNESS

I AM WRITING to give you my warmest and most grateful thanks for a magnificent tribute to the greatest man living today. I first became aware of Albert Schweitzer as a student at Princeton, where I was preparing for a medical career. I have continued to read him ever since and find my knowledge of his life and work the most sustaining inspiration that a physician can have. I hope someday to convince all medical schools that the curriculum must include a full study of the history and development of medical ethics with a complete review of Dr. Schweitzer's work. (I am making a small beginning as the Director of Medical Education at Worcester City Hospital.) I wish that your words could be inscribed indelibly on the consciousness of every medical student. If a physician cannot identify himself with his patient's suffering he cannot be a true physician to his patient. As my old teacher Dr. James Means said, he wished he could prescribe a course of illness for every medical student. That could be the beginning of the process!

HENRY S. M. UHL.

Worcester, Mass.

MORE THAN A GENIUS

I ENJOYED the editorial on Schweitzer, "The Point About Schweitzer," and wholly agree with your estimation of this great man's value and importance to the world. Where others have approached greatness in one field Dr. Schweitzer excelled in several, and I frankly believe that much of the adverse criticism leveled at this great man is nothing but jealousy and sour grapes. Wasn't it Amiel who said, "Doing easily what others find difficult is talent; doing what is impossible for talent is genius"? Dr. Schweitzer's accomplishments in the world prove him more than even a genius.

Let's have more fine editorials like this. At least it will awaken the passive thinkers to an opinion when the reputation of a great man is bandied about.

GEORGE W. PHINNEY.

Midwest City, Okla.

HAYDEN'S PSEUDO-BRUMMEL

STERLING HAYDEN may indeed make "a lean and proud Brummel" [*SR* Goes to the Movies" *SR* Oct. 23], but I'll wager my black-and-dun suit against Lee Rogow's herringbone tweed that Stewart Granger is somewhat less lean and more proud on account of being paid a handsome salary for playing the role.

FRANK P. MODEL.

New York, N. Y.

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Homo Sap Through the Ages

***"The Story of Man," by Carleton S. Coon** (Alfred A. Knopf. 437 pp. $6.75), undertakes to tell, in one large volume, the whole story of* Homo sap *from his first appearance on the globe to the present moment. Below it is reviewed by Ashley Montagu, professor of anthropology at Rutgers University, author of "Introduction to Physical Anthropology," "Statement on Race," and other books.*

By Ashley Montagu

IN Carleton S. Coon's words the simple and basic aim of his book, "The Story of Man," "is to describe the main events of human history from the time that man appeared on the face of the earth until the present moment, when he has the power to destroy it." In this aim, as one would expect from so knowledgable an anthropologist as Professor Coon, he has succeeded with extraordinary *éclat*. Far from being simple, the task the author set himself is an extremely difficult one. The materials now available relating to the history of man are so abundant that the principal problem confronting the historian is one of managing to keep both himself and his reader from being submerged by it. Once this is achieved the next problem is one of selection. Professor Coon has splendidly mastered both problems. The result is that through the alembic of his vast erudition he has produced a book which is at once authoritative, readable, preternaturally informative, and continuously stimulating.

From the beginning of the Ice Age, about seven hundred thousand years ago, we start off with Professor Coon on the long journey of man until we reach his present precariously poised position in the world. As he traverses this human terrain he not only points out the landmarks and other interesting features, but he also tells us, whenever possible, how they got that way. When it is not possible he is not afraid to speculate and conjecture, and always at such times he is at his most interesting. I am particularly taken with the courage with which he embraces unorthodox views, such as the great antiquity of our own type of man, familiarly known to the trade as *Homo sap.* I like—as the reader will—his undisillusioned confidence in, and his affection for, baby-faced man.

Relying upon his knowledge not only of the prehistory of man but that relating to living parallels among non-literate peoples Professor Coon infuses life into the bare bones and cultural relicts of the past. The author's own vitality enlivens every page of the book.

It is not to be expected that a book as big, in so many ways, as this should be free from errors of fact and of interpretation. These are relatively few and unimportant. In only one place do I think Professor Coon has been less than fair. In an otherwise admirable chapter on "Race," he refers to "the academic debunkers and soft-pedalers who operate inside anthropology itself. Basing their ideas on the concept of the brotherhood of man, certain writers, who are mostly social anthropologists, consider it immoral to study race, and produce book after book exposing it as a 'myth.' Their argument is that because the study of race once gave ammunition to racial fascists, who misused it, we should pretend that races do not exist."

I know of no anthropologist who pretends or has pretended or has urged anyone to pretend that races do not exist. I do know many who believe that the term "race" has been so embarrassed by the false and mythical meanings that have been injected into it that it would be far better not to use the term with respect to man. Far from considering it immoral to study race, these are the very anthropologists who have urged the scientific study of whatever race may mean.

THE scientific study of raciation in man is one thing, the constellation of confused emotions, misinformation, and mythology which for too many people means "race" is quite another. Professor Coon fails to recognize that it is this constellation of confusions that constitutes the myth of "race" which the academic debunkers, whom he so much scorns, have been attempting to correct or deracinate.

Toward the end of the book Professor Coon states that humanity is now marching in the direction of global cultural uniformity. Is this really true? Is it not rather that humanity is developing in the direction of global cultural unity? Unity does not imply uniformity. If Professor Coon's faith in humanity is realized certainly all non-literate cultures will disappear, but this is not to say that they will be replaced by a uniform culture. Cultures will change in the direction of unity, but cultural diversity will always remain as long as human beings persist in living in groups—which they will always do.

This book will renew the reader's faith in the future of man. We may confidently join Professor Coon in the faith that man will conquer all obstacles, and that he will move forward according to schedule.

The Appian Way

By John Ackerson

I'M HEADING cityward, and this,
The road that led the legions home,
From Babylon and Berenice,
Shook with the measured tread of Rome.

My seat's foam rubber and I float
Through fine gray sand the twilight spills,
By farmstead, tomb, and browsing goat,
Toward the dark loom of seven hills.

Press on! The goal they track's the same,
Slow sandal, sprinting nylon tire,
That rosy lips shall cry a name
And make room round the evening fire.

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Levant Notebook

"From an Antique Land," by Julian Huxley *(Crown, 310 pp. $6), is an account of a journey to the Middle East by a distinguished British scientist, into which is woven much fresh and arresting information about the history of mankind. It is appraised below by Professor Carleton S. Coon of the University of Pennsylvania, whose "The Story of Man," incidentally, is reviewed on the opposite page.*

By Carleton S. Coon

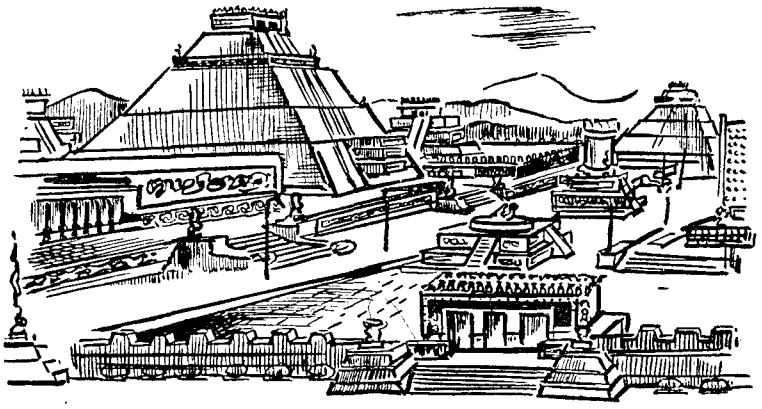
ON THE surface "From an Antique Land" is a travel book. Taking it as such one wonders why a man of Julian Huxley's distinction should bother to write about a brief visit paid to the Middle East six years ago as UNESCO chief at the Beirut conference. A close reading gives the answer. Travel notes, while entertaining and amusing, serve as a framework for all sorts of geological, biological, historical, and philosophical facts, ideas, and interpretations which reveal, in subtle simplicity, some of the goings-on inside one of the world's most observant and speculative minds. For the reader wishing to learn about the architecture, landscape, history, social structure, and current political situation of Crete, Cyprus, Turkey, Lebanon, Syria, Jordan, Egypt, Iraq, and Iran it is worth reading and painless to take. For the biologist, anthropologist, and other scientist interested in the area it probably contains something new and intriguing. For the lover of good photographs in color and in shadow it is a bargain at six dollars.

Unlike some travel writers, Huxley assumes that a significant number of the inhabitants of the countries described read English and possess normal human sensitivities to criticism. With a welcome lack of insularity he bares his own well-known feeling for the unity of mankind in its geological and biological context and historical depth.

Among a long list of other scientific items he explains that the Black Sea came into existence in Pliocene times (which ended a mere million years ago) through the sinking of the earth's surface into a fault-line, that much of the northern shore of Anatolia has sunk into the sea since Neolithic times, and that aside from China southwestern Turkey alone possesses remnants of the Miocene forest destroyed elsewhere in the Old World by glacial influences. As this forest contains cultivable plants it may have been concerned with the beginnings of agriculture. Also, the head of the Persian Gulf was not gradually filled in by silt during post-glacial times, as we were taught in school, but the silt merely compensated for a sinking of the underlying rock table, keeping the shore line the same. This is pertinent to the study of Bronze Age origins. Again, the tens of thousands of healthy laboratory and pet-shop hamsters of the world are descended from one pregnant female caught near Aleppo in 1930. This is vital to the theory of the results of inbreeding and that of the initial formation of races and species in man as in other animals.

While these facts are especially useful to the professional reader, many others are of general appeal. Huxley draws a lucid picture of the progression of deforestation, soil erosion, and animal extinction in the Middle East by describing a fight between a man and a lion which took place near the banks of the Euphrates sometime after 1850 and by documenting the presence of elephants in the same region well into Assyrian times. He also shows that the cedars of Lebanon had been lumbered out by the Crusader period because the Crusaders roofed their castles with stone arches in place of beams.

Through the simple mechanism of tracing the names of objects and materials to cities, like Bible to Byblos and parchment to Pergamum, he explains much of the technological history of the Middle East. High among his many interests is architecture—his descriptions and esthetic judgments of Baalbek, Petra, and Palmyra, accompanied by photographs, are com-



BEFORE HISTORY: The sketch above, done after a painting by Ignacio Marquina, is a view of the center of Mexico City (where the Cathedral now stands) giving an idea of its appearance at the time of Montezuma. Montezuma's palace is at the left. Beyond this is the great pyramid with the twin palaces of Huitzilopochtli and Tlaloc, gods of war and rain respectively. In the front of this is the round Gladiator's Stone. Beyond this is the round temple of Quetzalcoatl and to its right is the great skull rack.

This is one of the dozens of sketches that illuminate William Howells's **"Back of History"** (Doubleday, $5), a volume that tells the story of the development of man, physically and culturally, from his earliest beginnings right up to where history starts—which of course means virtually the whole sweep of mankind's career; for history or written records began only yesterday, a mere five thousand years against the 995,000 years (more or less) of man's existence that lie back of history.

Howells is a leading physical anthropologist who has pursued a variety of researches in human biology, but here he addresses himself to the general reader with charm, wit, acumen, and authority. He writes with Wellsian breadth, rendering the trees into patterned forests. The developments in the Old World, on which our civilization is principally based, are compared with a parallel evolution in the New. Howells takes a conservative stand with regard to the recent rash of speculation about American origins and culture growth, seeing it as largely an indigenous affair. If he is right it provides us with an illuminating check on the inevitability of certain cultural sequences. At any rate, he has written a thoroughly sound and delightful book. —HARRY L. SHAPIRO.

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petent and interesting. While admitting the superiority of Greek architecture in single buildings he says of Roman city planning: "No other culture has so successfully managed to create such urban dignity." The invention of the alphabet is explained in detail, as well as the difference between it and earlier systems of writing, confined to scribes. "Without an alphabet the diffusion of knowledge would be immensely slower and general education would be impossible."

HIS evaluation of ancient civilizations contains a number of sentences not soon to be forgotten: "Ancient Egypt was . . . a doomed monster, like a dinosaur. But, like a dinosaur, it was also magnificent." "The Greek . . . city-state was a marvelous politico-social invention which permitted an unexampled flowering of freedom, intellect, and art. But it was by its nature limited in size, and could no more develop into a nation or an empire, or into a unit of a federal state, than an insect could evolve into a mammal or a bird."

Such biological analogies reveal Huxley's background, which gives him a broad approach to social theory. He is concerned with a search for principles in history and predicts that order will be found, partly through archeology and social anthropology, among other disciplines. He rejects Marxism as a valid part which has been blown into a false whole and is unhappy with Toynbee's ideas. He says that challenge and response are too generally present to have served as motivation for historical change, and that Achaemenian Persia was not a Syriac "universal state" but the world's first true empire. He feels that genetic accidents which produce such men as Ataturk and Genghiz Khan prevent too close a determinism in history, but that civilization does nevertheless broadly progress from simplicity to complexity and from particularism toward unity. He begins and ends with a plea for a universal faith for mankind because "international organizations will never become fully effective as agencies of joint enterprise until a common framework of collective thought has been developed in which they can operate."

Julian Huxley is a first-class photographer. In his selection of subject matter, lighting, and composition his twenty-seven full color and thirty-nine black-and-white photographs are of professional quality. They were reproduced in Holland. Let this be a Toynbeean challenge to our publishers, meriting a prompt response.

NEW EDITIONS

Shaw for Today

IT IS hardly news that Bernard Shaw's dramatic criticism has an enduring value that is seldom found in writing of its kind; but it is news that about forty of his best essays on the London theatre of the 1890s are now to be had in one small book—"Plays and Players" (Oxford University Press, $1.35), with an introduction by A. C. Ward. The title given this selection is significant, for Shaw had almost as much to say about the art of acting as about the art of playwrighting, and on both subjects—not to mention the art of theatrical production—he spoke with characteristic confidence, pervasive wit, and matchless competence. One of the few critics who have ever been able to distinguish between part and performance, he is also one of the very few who have been able to make their readers see on the printed page—at least partially — performances that they have never seen on any stage; and, as a result of this ability, he has given to a whole generation of actors and actresses a life beyond the grave.

He had his hobbies and his crotchets, and he rode his hobbies hard. But when these are examined they turn out to be soundly grounded intellectual and artistic convictions. He insisted on separating what he considered the dross from what he knew to be the gold in Shakespeare. He berated the London theatre for its shabby treatment of Ibsen. He wasted words and energy in trying to persuade Henry Irving to listen to the voice of Shaw rather than to the proud voice of his own ego. He fought a loving, losing battle in his effort to convince Ellen Terry that she was wasting her magnificent talents on parts that were unworthy of her. He refused to be gulled by fashion, and could puncture the fashionable reputation of a playwright such as Pinero with a sentence. He was not, of course, an infallible prophet; for example, he failed to foresee that "The Importance of Being Earnest" would prove even longer-lived than himself. But time has confirmed an astonishing number of his critical judgments; and, most remarkable of all, these half-century-old essays of his still have so much freshness and vitality that it is hard to believe they could ever have had more, even when they were first printed in *The Saturday Review* (London) from January 1895 to May 1898.

The inclusion in the Modern Library of "Selected Poetry of Robert Browning" ($1.45), edited with an introduction by Kenneth L. Knickerbocker, brings to my mind questions that I have asked myself before—When are we going to have a Browning "revival"? And isn't it overdue, in view of the treatment already accorded other great Victorians? A new evaluation of Browning could be based on his achievement of pushing the frontiers of poetry into hitherto unexplored territory; on his extraordinary additions to what had previously been considered poetry's proper subject-matter. Mr. Knickerbocker, in his interesting introduction, firmly divides Browning's work into three parts, or periods; while in his selections he includes nothing earlier than "Pippa Passes" (1841), and judiciously winnows the poems of the third period (1869-89).

OTHER new Modern Library titles are "Selected Stories of Eudora Welty" ($1.45), with the introduction that Katherine Anne Porter wrote for "A Curtain of Green" in 1941; and "An Outline of Abnormal Psychology" ($1.45), edited by Gardner Murphy and Arthur J. Bachrach. Miss Welty is herself something of an amateur of abnormal psychology; but her art seldom fails to enforce conviction, at least momentarily, even when it makes unusual demands upon credulity. In the "Outline" more than twenty experts, writing on as many topics, have produced a collective volume that fairly fulfills the promise of its title.

What, I have sometimes wondered, is the proportion of buyers of "The Prince" to readers of the same famous book? Machiavelli's masterpiece has appeared in numberless editions, and still the total steadily mounts. Topping the pile, for the moment, is the fine, lucid Heritage Press edition ($5), with an introduction by Irwin Edman that places Machiavelli's political philosophy in its historical setting. This is a book to own—even read. Also from Heritage: T. J. Arnold's lively translation of Goethe's "The Story of Reynard the Fox," France's "The Revolt of the Angels," and "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" in a single volume, all beautifully printed and illustrated ($5 each). —BEN RAY REDMAN.

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Seeing Things

WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE

NOT that it matters, but the wire seemingly no thicker than a thread, which makes it possible for Mary Martin to soar with birdlike ease as Peter Pan, does catch the light occasionally. The wire supporting all the Peter Pans I have seen, from Maude Adams down through Marilyn Miller, Eva LeGallienne, and Jean Arthur, has always shown. No doubt it would be better if it did not, though it seems a safe guess that most children never see it. To adults, however, its showing is a reminder of how slim is the strand which supports all innocence, especially the regained innocence of mind and heart that makes it possible for grownups not only to put up with Barrie's fantasy but to surrender to it.

Miss Martin does not really need such a wire to fly. Of this I am confident. Well, almost confident. She must use it merely out of courtesy to her predecessors in the part who have relied on it. I do not mean to deny the wonders of Joseph Kirby's flying machine as supervised by Peter Foy, because if reality had a place in Never-Never Land this contraption would deserve star billing. But such is the magic of Miss Martin's performance that in this new version of "Peter Pan"* reality is exiled to the wings.

I must admit I dreaded seeing "Peter Pan" again, fearing I had grown too old for it or it too old for me. After all, it was first produced in London a half-century ago, the year after the Wright Brothers at Kitty Hawk, N. C., had done some flying themselves aided by a very different type of machine, intended for very different purposes. Where the Wrights were making an experiment which would shove the world into an unpredictable future from which there was to be no retreat, Barrie was moving back, escaping rather than advancing. He was concerned with the present of children, which is the past of adults, and writing as firm, if gentle, a protest against the horrors of growing up as can be found.

That he wrote as a sentimentalist his worshipers (staunch sentimentalists themselves) have neither disputed nor deplored. As late as 1921 Galsworthy complained to William Lyon Phelps (of all people) that in most of Barrie's work he "found so many little lapses from what one can only call 'taste'—austerity of sentiment—so many little scrapes at one's epidermis—that" he confessed to "listening to him often with great discomfort." Long before, others, though safely on dry land, had felt a kind of seasickness when confronted with the more elfin of his whimsies. Certainly since 1921, as tastes have changed and toughened, Barrie's reputation has suffered, and many among his older admirers now wince at the archness which they may once have accepted.

I know I never thought that at fifty-four I would be touched as decades ago I had been by Peter's teaching Wendy and the Darling children to fly, or that I would sit wet-eyed among hundreds of other wet-eyed adults (there were scarcely any children present on the night I saw the new "Peter Pan"), all of us applauding furiously to save Tinker Bell's life at Peter's request.

AS EVERYONE must know by now, this "Peter Pan" is not exactly the "Peter Pan" that Barrie wrote. It is a musical comedy closer at times to Broadway than to Kensington Gardens. In certain scenes it is overproduced. Its second act drags a bit. And its music at best is what is chillily described as serviceable. These are adult reservations which the honest performance of drab critical duties forces me to mention. I suppose I could think up more, and with ease, if I were Captain Hook's prisoner on the bad ship *Jolly Roger* and he gave me the choice of doing so or walking the readied plank. Since I am not and write instead as one captivated by the evening as a whole and especially by Miss Martin's Peter, let me quickly get on to the production's enchantments.

Among these count the jubilantly contributive gadgets which somehow produce the magical effects they are supposed to; the lively and jealous Tinker Bell created by some unsung Homer of the switchboard; Norman Shelly, whose dominion over the animal world is such that he can play both Nana and the Crocodile with equal skill; Margalo Gillmore, whose Mrs. Darling is the only one I have ever seen to have warmth and true kindliness and not to be a cardboard figure; the unsentimental goodness of Kathy Nolan's Wendy; the attractiveness of Miss Martin's daughter, Heller Halliday, in the written-in part of Liza, the little maid who follows the children to Never-Never Land; the beguiling meekness with which Joe E. Marks once again plays Smee, the tailor; the children who are blessedly free of those shiny tricks which can make stage brats intolerable; the Indians who are drolly "heap big"; and the Pirates who are as fiercely Jolly Roger as if Howard Pyle had drawn them.

Cyril Ritchard, properly stuffy as Mr. Darling, is the more overpowering as Captain Hook because, though a fierce and scowling pirate, he appears to have strayed out of Congreve and Wycherly into that unholy calling, carrying with him some of the airs and graces of high comedy to make the brutality of his bloody threats the more terrible.

As surely as no playgoer who saw Maude Adams in the surrendering days of his youth can discuss "Peter Pan" without mentioning her, no playgoer who had thought he was past the age of this particular kind of surrender will be able to talk about "Peter Pan" in the future without naming Mary Martin if he has seen her. Before the curtain rises Miss Martin's Peter has flown the Atlantic and taken out naturalization papers in America. Her "boy who would not grow up" is the brother of Nellie Forbush. Yes, and of Danny Kaye, too. Yet vital and humorous as her Peter is, he can suddenly clutch at the heart, speaking without affectation for all that shining goodness of spirit Miss Martin abundantly possesses. He can also fly, fly as no previous Peter has ever flown, sweep through the air with a frightening speed and a grace that is truly celestial.

Quite rightly, the new scene in which Peter and the Darling children are shown on their journey to Never-Never Land has been described as an aerial ballet. It is a dance, beautiful and breathtaking, during which the dancers never touch the earth. Miss Martin dominates it, a figure who, as she sweeps and glides, turns and soars, creates poetry without speaking a word. Does the wire show which sustains her? It does. But, remember, not because it is really needed but merely as an act of courtesy to the more earthbound Peter Pans who preceded her. —JOHN MASON BROWN.

*PETER PAN, Edwin Lester's new musical production of James M. Barrie's play. Lyrics by Carolyn Leigh. Music by Mark Charlap. Additional music and lyrics by Jule Styne, Betty Comden, and Adolph Green. Directed by Jerome Robbins. Settings by Peter Larkin. Costumes by Motley. Presented by Richard Halliday. With a cast including Mary Martin, Cyril Ritchard, Kathy Nolan, Margalo Gillmore, Norman Shelly, Joe E. Marks, Sondra Lee, etc. At the Winter Garden, New York City. Opened October 20, 1954.

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LITERARY SAMPLER
ALL IN THE SATURDAY REVIEW DECEMBER 4TH

Broadway Postscript

"Fanny" is daring. "Fanny is ponderous. "Fanny" has a heart to give. "Fanny" has no heart to give. For all the laudability of the project of converting Marcel Pagnol's trilogy into a musical comedy, it ends up as the typical Broadway mass-collaboration that partly conquers all, and wholly captures none. This lack imposes upon its creators the art-poisoning task of infusing Broadway glucose into each line and number.

The musical comedy begins as an old operetta set in romantic Marseilles. Picaresque Gerald Price (the Admiral), who jumped to fame last season by singing about a shark, enters to sing about an octopus. A thin plot-thread is set in motion when the ventripotent Walter Slezak (Panisse) proposes almost in joking terms to pretty young Florence Henderson (Fanny). And William Tabbert (Marius) yearns for the sea slightly against the wishes of Ezio Pinza (his father, Cesar). Suddenly and gratefully we are whisked to an Arab Quarter peepshow for some genuinely voluptuous entertainment. However ungermane it may be, it is most welcome to be treated to the writhing talents of Nejla Ates, who is there with bells, but virtually nothing else, on. Joshua Logan, who has been credited with bringing the undraped male torso into our theatre, has, at last, done something for the boys. After this welcome excitement "Fanny" flounders around in the pathos surrounding the pride of nominal fatherhood gags. There are moments where Mr. Pinza and Mr. Slezak seem on the verge of "getting with" the Pagnol formula of deep sentiment, surface annoyance, and practical resolution. But there are also such unpagnolian spectacles as an underwater ballet and a fairytale schooner that passes across the stage to gasps of admiration from the audience.

Harold Rome's score is simple, sincere, and melodic, though hardly French. Ezio Pinza's angry rendition of "Love Is a Very Light Thing" and Walter Slezak's understated epithalamium "To My Wife" are moving and memorable. And Jo Mielziner's lovely faded green backdrop decorated with pink nursery animals has the flavor that "Fanny" so desperately lacks elsewhere. However much we appreciate these elements and the courage of S. N. Behrman, Joshua Logan, *et al.*, in tackling such a Gallic story, we suspect that one sure-handed and relaxed chef might have been preferable to the dozen good cooks who seasoned "Fanny" into flavorlessness.

—Henry Hewes.

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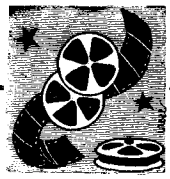

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Three from the Library

RICHARD BROOKS, who directed and worked on the screenplay of **"The Last Time I Saw Paris,"** had better be careful next time he walks past his bookcase, or the portable F. Scott Fitzgerald will fall out and hit him on the head. In the name of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Brooks and the brothers Epstein have had at a Fitzgerald story called "Babylon Revisited," and they have left it for the knacker's cart.

To be sure, I have not been appointed curator of literary properties at the Congressional Library, nor am I one of those whose heart and stomach lining were left permanently in the Twenties. There is no reason why "Babylon Revisited" should not have suffered a transmogrification in film if something serviceable had emerged. Nothing serviceable has, and a comparison between the story and the film might serve to show why.

"Babylon Revisited" is the story of a half-rehabilitated man who comes back to Paris to reclaim his daughter, who has been left for some years with a sister-in-law. In the years after World War I this man and his divinely mad wife had rocketed through the City of Light, enchanted with their own youth and beauty and with their generation's determination to live each day as if it were the last.

The party had ended in disaster, with his wife dead, his daughter neglected, himself an alcoholic. Now, in a Paris living room, he is called upon to pay the bill, *l'addition* being presented by a bitter sister-in-law who was herself neither insane enough nor attractive enough to have been invited to the jubilee.

Like all of Fitzgerald's good work, "Babylon Revisited" is a poignant story of characters whose inner hysteria found an echo in the jagged rhythms of their time.

"The Last Time I Saw Paris" has approximately the same story line, although it is transplanted to the period after World War II. For some reason, Van Johnson has been chosen to portray the writer and Elizabeth Taylor the wife. Johnson is presented as a good-natured correspondent for *Stars and Stripes* who is caught up in the party almost against his will, but who later joins the fling in desperate sadness when his novels come back from the publishers with those chilling form letters. Elizabeth Taylor is a creamy beauty, but there is something placid about her, and she never manages to suggest the moonstruck, half-crazy imp who wants to keep dancing till she dies. Always the model in the mascara ad, she never makes one believe she is afraid of what she will hear inside her head when the music stops.

These are not figures of tragedy, they are just a couple of attractive, displaced kids who discover that love isn't enough to keep them from going wrong. Whether or not you have read the Fitzgerald story, you will find this new orchestration strangely flat.

The adapters have not helped matters much by switching the ending so that the writer and his daughter walk off into the Paris twilight hand in hand. There is a harsh rule that applies to the use of sure-fire scenes like the reuniting of a father and his child. Because we are human we cannot fail to respond to such moments, but unless a work has given us our due in drama up to that moment we will hate it for our tears.

* * *

Graham Greene's **"The Heart of the Matter"** is another example of the difficulty of conveying to the screen a story that takes place largely in the mind of the hero. In this London Films International production, Ian Dalrymple, script, Lesley Storm, adaptation, and George More O'Ferrall, direction, have made an interesting but unsuccessful attempt to blend the highly cinematographic suspense story of an honest policeman in British West Africa with the highly uncinematographic religious debate which is taking place in the recesses of his soul.

—From "The Last Time I Saw Paris."
". . . love isn't enough."

The core of the story is a tightly-organized plot concerning the involvement of a colonial police officer with his nagging wife, a lovely Austrian survivor of a torpedoed ship (this is during World War II), a conniving Syrian diamond smuggler, and the secret agent who has been sent out from home to ferret out evidence of a connection between the copper and the contraband.

Here are the elements of a taut film, making good use of the colorful locations and throbbing music of the Sierra Leone colony, and attractive performances by Trevor Howard as the policeman and Maria Schell as the temptation cast up out of the sea. Graham Greene, however, is interested not so much in who's got the diamonds as in who's got the policeman's immortal Catholic soul. To establish the basis for this part of the drama there is a nearly interminable beginning section in which the policeman's response to death, suicide, his wife, his job, his church, are minutely examined. Then, when the whole pretty complex of adultery, smuggling, and official investigation has been propounded, the story is switched over to a religious debate: Has the policeman the right to confess when this will involve others? Can he accept communion without a true confession? Can he commit suicide when the Catholic church regards this as the "unforgiveable sin?"

I am afraid the philosophical fine points escaped the movie camera completely, at the same time that an excellent tale was going out the stained glass window.

* * *

In putting Walter Van Tilburg Clark's novel **"Track of the Cat"** into the hopper, Warner Brothers has come up with a Hollywood rarity, a CinemaScope production which actually makes indifferent use of a majestic outdoor location. Although the story is placed in the snow-covered mountains of Northern California, most of the footage was actually shot in the rarefied air of a Hollywood sound stage, and in the outdoor footage one picture is made to do the work of five.

Since the major interest in the film is in an extended outdoor duel between a bully and a beast, the bully being a domineering brother in a mountain family, the beast being a mountain lion which has been ravening the stock, this failure to make the location work cheats the picture of its prime dramatic element. All we're left with are the quarreling and snappish scenes of the family left back at the house. Here's one example of a chase that was done better in a six-by-eight-inch book than in the glory of CinemaScope. —LEE ROGOW.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

The Met Opening on TV, Scarpini, de los Angelos

RUDOLF BING's purposeful housewarming that opened the Metropolitan Opera season with an audience of sensation seekers near at hand and onlookers at all the antics, it was hoped, in thirty-odd theatres around the country watching a closed circuit telecast, reminded one of a preseason exhibition game in the baseball realm. The stars were paraded, pitched briefly, and retired to the clubhouse, leaving all in good trim for the real business to start later on.

The only difference was that the "live" audience paid World Series prices, to a total of $62,000 plus. Assuming that the same ones—or as many others—who paid a top price of $30 per seat for the privilege of being present come back again in the future, this is as good a formula as any for cashing this annual orgy of exhibitionism, while sacrificing as little as possible of artistic energy. Crassly speaking—and the opening of the Met has long been something to be crass about, though only Bing has been artistically-minded enough to recognize it—artistic accomplishment under such circumstances has always been an uphill battle, and it might as well be along a road cushioned softly by a deep carpet of greenbacks.

In its present state of financial uncertainty the Metropolitan must utilize all its resources as productively as possible, and if that consists of turning to a profit the madly scrambled by-products of the opening it is obviously a managerial obligation. The question remains, however, is a closed-circuit theatre TV showing the wisest financial procedure and the most becoming artistic one? The argument goes that only a proper movie screen can accommodate the action planned to fill one of the world's largest stages. Well, I saw "The Barber of Seville" portion on the representative (though not enormous) film screen of the Guild Theatre in Radio City, and it was still a spotty slice of the action, with the deep figures never in focus when a full stage shot was attempted, and much of the relevant by-play omitted from what the audience saw.

The thought that occurs to me is that the increment in good will and popular interest that might accrue to the Metropolitan through a nationwide homeviewing audience's participation in such an event is being sacrificed to take advantage of the most available alternative. To be sure, the price of distribution (plus a reasonable profit to the Met) is a heavy one, but some pay-as-you-go form of telecasting is inevitable, and if any reasonable portion of the Met's regular broadcast public of millions paid a dollar or so for this experience the total return would be vastly greater than any thousands or hundreds of thousands who could be lured to theatres.

Among those who pitched, and caught, and otherwise displayed good trial-run form were Leonard Warren in the only recent version of the "Pagliacci" prologue in tails; Victoria de los Angelos as Mimi and Richard Tucker as Rodolfo in a first act of "Boheme" which found both groping for the lost key on a brilliantly lit stage (again for TV); Roberta Peters, Cesare Valetti, Robert Merrill, and Jerome Hines in a second act of "The Barber" neatly pocketed by buffo Fernando Corena (despite Miss Peters's absurdly ornamented "Una Voce poca fa" with its top F); and two scenes from "Aida" with Zinka Milanov, Mario del Monaco, Blanche Thebom, and Leonard Warren. Under the circumstances any consecutive mood or binding purpose was beyond expectation. The only completely happy auditor to the whole thing, I imagine, was S. Hurok. He had a 100 per cent representation in the opening effort of Warren, and an unvarying identification with every segment thereafter. Too bad as much cannot be said for the average listener.

PIETRO SCARPINI, a fortyish pianist of some Italian note, made his debut with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Dimitri Mitropoulos lately and had more-than-common success with his Carnegie Hall audience. This was due in part to his enterprise in pairing himself with the second concerto of Prokofiev, which has been infrequently played here, and is in no sense a familiar score.

Its curious history involves two bad audience reactions: the first at the premiere in 1913, when the twenty-one-year-old Prokofiev was scolded by Russian critics for being too audacious, the second when he rewrote it for a Parisian performance under Koussevitzky in 1923 (the score had been lost, meanwhile), at which time the avant garde turned it down as a remnant of his pre-Revolutionary past. The work, as it stands now, is strongly saturated with his own particular flavor, though it is imperfectly organized.

Scarpini's performance suggests that there will be others soon undertaking it. The display work is very conspicuous, and he disposed of it in sufficiently showy manner to win considerable applause. Also, he had the melodic essence well in hand to present as proper relief. My acquaintance with the piece stems from a soon-to-be-released recording by Jorge Bolet (Remington), and it strikes me that Scarpini's presentation, though highly musical, was deficient in the diversity of color values that can be applied to it. However, he is a mature artist of individuality and skill, who would be heard with interest as a recitalist. The program also offered the first hearings in America of four Greek dances scored for orchestra by Nicholas Skalkotas, a Greek disciple of Schoenberg who died in 1949. They lie, musically as well as geographically, somewhere between Enesco and Khatchaturian, with a little more seriously ethnic purpose than either. They were played with explicit definition by Mitropoulos and men, as was the preceding Prokofiev.

Victoria de los Angeles added a provocative element to her season's first recital in Carnegie Hall by assigning the vocally complex, emotionally demanding *"Abscheulicher"* from Beethoven's "Fidelio" a conspicuous place on her program. For a singer identified with such roles as Mimi, Marguerite, the Countess in Mozart's "Figaro," and Eva in "Meistersinger" this seemed rather adventurous not to say foolhardy. However, as is her wont, Miss de los Angeles unraveled all the vocal complexities accurately and evenly, on pitch and in time, also with sufficient power, if not fulfilling —by a considerable measure—the temperamental requirements of the scene.

Assuming that Miss de los Angeles chooses her material purposefully, it is hard to understand how such a beautiful formulation, in vocal terms, of Wolf's *"Verborgenheit"* or the Reger *"Wiegenlied"*—which she sang as an encore—can be accompanied by such a limited appreciation of the intent and purpose of the composer's setting. The pure musical intent should argue a more comprehending poetic one. On the other hand, if that were the case, she would not be content with the conscientious but heavy-handed (in some respects hampering) accompaniments of Paul Berl.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Fiction

Continued from page 23

the reading of Cooper in late years.

It is for precisely this reason that a genuine service for readers is performed in this new edition of the Leatherstocking novels. Allan Nevins, himself a distinguished author and historian, has taken the five books and edited them by excising extraneous matter and leaving the fluid story. As he describes his own method: "All those parts of the five books which deal with [Leatherstocking], his perils, vicissitudes, and exploits, his character, ideas, and philosophy, have been retained. No internal cuts have been made in any section here printed. Where matter irrelevant under the rule is excised the gap is bridged over by a brief narrative written by the editor and printed in italics."

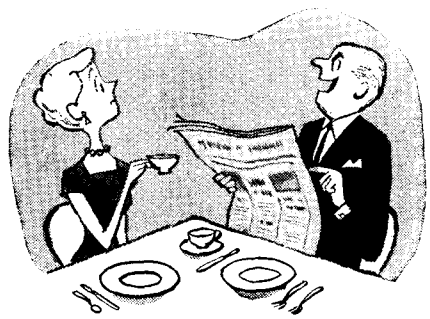
THE connecting passages are well and penetratingly done, and the result is an enormously readable and united sweep of narrative which gives the modern reader the whole great saga of that long lost frontier of Indian wars and exploration which Cooper told so superbly.

Added to this, Dr. Nevins has provided a fine introduction, in the form of an essay on Cooper, his literary influence, his strengths and faults, his knowledge of the frontier and of the Indians, which is a valuable summary and estimate. There is also an interesting chronology of Cooper's life, and of the Leatherstocking tales, giving the relation of each of the latter to the age of the hero, and the historical events on the American continent with which they deal. Besides this, Dr. Nevins has added footnotes of his own to supplement those of Cooper, further illuminating the text. There is a series of maps, adding value to the collection for the reader who likes to know the locale in which the action he is reading is set.

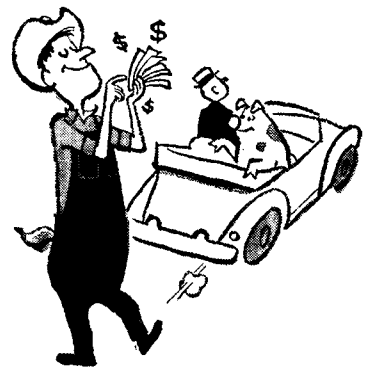
The illustrations, unfortunately for this kind of a book, are of the la-de-la superficial-decorative style affected by various ladies' fashion magazines. Mark Twain and others criticized Cooper severely (and often unjustly) for lapses in realistic portrayal of his scenes. What would they say of an illustrator who does not know, or care, what a frontier flintlock rifle looks like, or how a man stands when he fires one, or where a hunting knife is carried, or that a deer has a conformation and walk somewhat different from that of a sick calf, or almost anything else about what he is undertaking to draw? Whatever his faults Cooper was at least sincere.

Mr. Perkins buys a pig

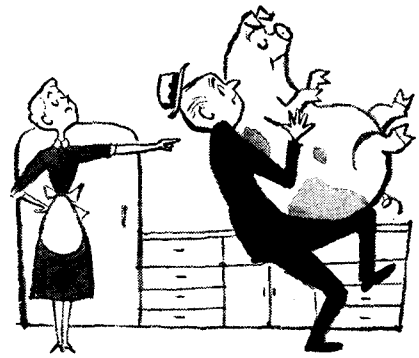
—and gets some first-hand information on what the American meat packing industry does to earn its keep.



1. "Why is it," Mr. Perkins asked his wife, "that you pay more than twice as much for pork chops as porkers are bringing on the farm? We will buy a whole pig—have pork chops more often and save a lot of money, too."

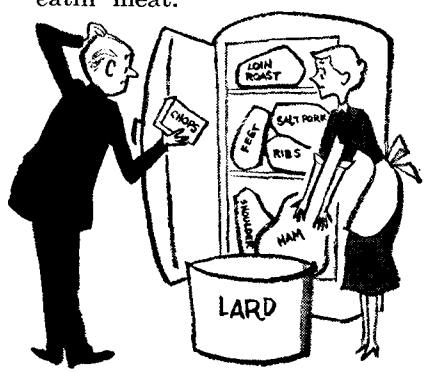


2. So Mr. P. drove to the country, bought a very choice 240-lb. pig (he hadn't known they ran so big). He also found out that . . .

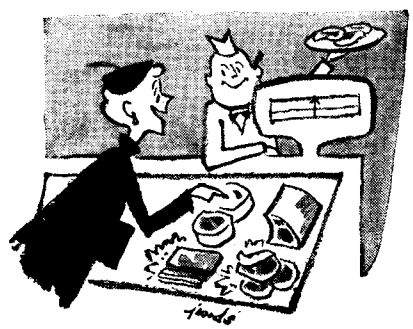


3. There is quite a bit of difference between pork on the hoof and pork in the refrigerator. He had to hire somebody to turn the pig into eatin' meat.

4. When it was dressed, his 240-lb. pig had shrunk to only 180 lbs. It still had to be turned into kitchen cuts by somebody skilled at that sort of thing.



5. After cutting up, the 180 lbs. of pork had shrunk to only 135 lbs. of meat cuts—*only 10 lbs. of which were center cut chops.* The hams still had to be cured, bacon smoked and sliced, sausage made.



6. "I much prefer to be able to pick and choose just the cuts I want—when I want them," said Mrs. Perkins. "With packers and retailers on the job, I know any cut I want will be available when I want it."

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Indian Pathfinder

***"He Who Rides a Tiger," by Bhabani Bhattacharya** (Crown. 245 pp. $3), in telling the story of a colossal hoax perpetrated by a low-born blacksmith on the people of Bengal during the last war, offers biting criticism of the caste system.*

By Joseph Hitrec

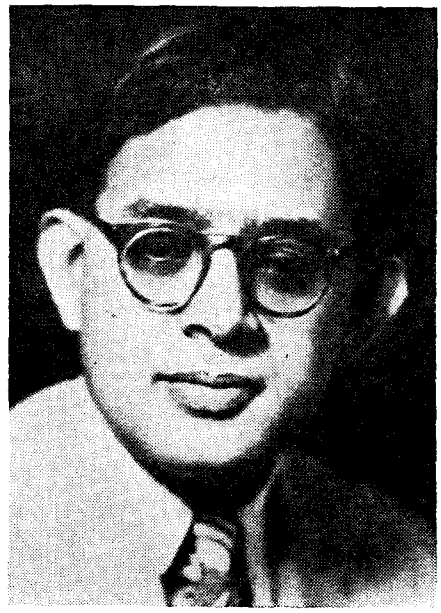
A FEW weeks ago, elsewhere in these columns, this reviewer suggested that all signs in contemporary Indian writing seem to point to a kind of renaissance. For the first time in centuries Indian writers feel bold enough to venture outside the hallowed precincts of the religious legend and stylized historical themes which even to this day to the great majority of Indian readers are and remain the only literature.

It is a modest renaissance as yet, but hopeful and promising. Writers like R. K. Narayan, Mulk Raj Anand, and Bhabani Bhattacharya are concerned with the India of today—not of the glorious past. Their trail-blazing can be properly appreciated only when their subject matter and artistic form are set against the deadening literary conventions which they had inherited. A comparable miracle in our own midst would be a Faulkner or Hemingway producing their first work on the heels of the King James Bible.

Bhabani Bhattacharya's "He Who Rides a Tiger" is new—for India—in the sense that it deals with real people in our times, and contains a strong moral protest. Although the plot hinges in part on the caste system, and is bound to generate more suspense in an Indian than in an Occidental, its emotional appeal is pure and universal. Briefly, it is the story of a colossal hoax perpetrated by a low-born blacksmith on the people of Bengal during the last war. The blacksmith's name is Kalo, and he has a daughter called Chandra Lekha. A terrible famine forces Kalo to steal a bunch of bananas in a train, and for this he gets a long jail sentence. While thousands of people throughout the province are dying from hunger Kalo comes out of jail with a few tricks he has learned from the inmates. One of them is to pass himself off as a Brahmin with miraculous powers. He does this in self-defense and because he has vowed never again to see his daughter go without food, but the mood of the people of Bengal is so desperate and so gullible that they quickly propel him toward fame and wealth. They build a temple for him, and Kalo rubs elbows with the rich and great. The wealthiest man in Calcutta wants to marry Chandra Lekha.

But this is a moral tale, and the labyrinth of deceit and lies that Kalo weaves out of his love for his child must collapse sooner or later. Before it does, however, in the ripeness of time, it helps author Bhattacharya to throw some of the most crying inequities of the Indian social system into merciless, almost grotesque, relief. The sanctimoniousness of caste, the stupidity of Brahmins, the smug hypocrisy of the local rich—those are some of the scores that Bhattacharya pays off handsomely and with an abundance of understanding. Equally important, his Kalo, Chandra Lekha, and half a dozen characters are believable people despite the strangeness of some of the things that motivate their actions.

Bhattacharya's writing craft is clearly a product of the same fermenting forces that have shaped his moral viewpoint. The pronounced moralizing note evident throughout the novel precludes him from being a realistic writer in our sense. But social though his theme is he is yet not a tendentious writer. His style and attitude might have a resemblance to the early Upton Sinclair except for a quality of incantation that goes straight back to the scriptural poetry of the Hindus, and from which Bhattacharya is still trying to free himself. One can only hope he will for he has important things to say about his country and his people and he has his heart in the right place.



Bhattacharya—"heart in the right place."

Old China Battleground

By Daniel Henderson

THE picture is porcelain—
See the imperial horse
Charge from the city
Against the rebel force.

Upon the high wall
Generalissimo
Watches with serenity
The flanked-by-lions foe.

A military Buddha
Crowned by an umbrella—
He puts his trust in
His dragon of yellow.

The time is Ming—
Devoutly we wish
The new wars of China
Were kept to a dish.

Murder on Their Mind

FLIGHT BETWEEN TWO WORLDS. The beginning and the ending of Mary Borden's most recent novel, **"Margin of Error"** (Longmans, Green, $3.50), are distressingly similar. "George Able X-Ray Love Item," Miss Borden keeps insisting, "do you hear me?" Which is almost enough to frighten off even the most dedicated reader.

Happily, however, there is very little similarity between these flourishes and the meat of her matter. For, sandwiched in between the extremes is a very sincere little story. Half of Miss Borden's characters are passengers in a plane which is flying from London to British Africa; the other half are going about their own business, which includes one native murder in the colony to which the plane is headed. This second half is also awaiting the arrival of the passengers, who include one civil servant with ideas about the murder, one Catholic priest with some different opinions about it, three MPs who also disagree about it, and two anthropologists who, refreshingly enough, have never even heard of the murder.

All these are used as irritants and counterirritants for Miss Borden to get off a few ideas of her own about the British colonial system, and when the plane crashes she also gets off a symbol or two. In the end Miss Borden comes up with a sort of "London is London and Africa is Africa" solution which, if not unusual, at least has the advantage of comfortably planting one's feet on the ground again after a fairly harrowing ride.

—JOHN HAVERSTICK.

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The Businessman

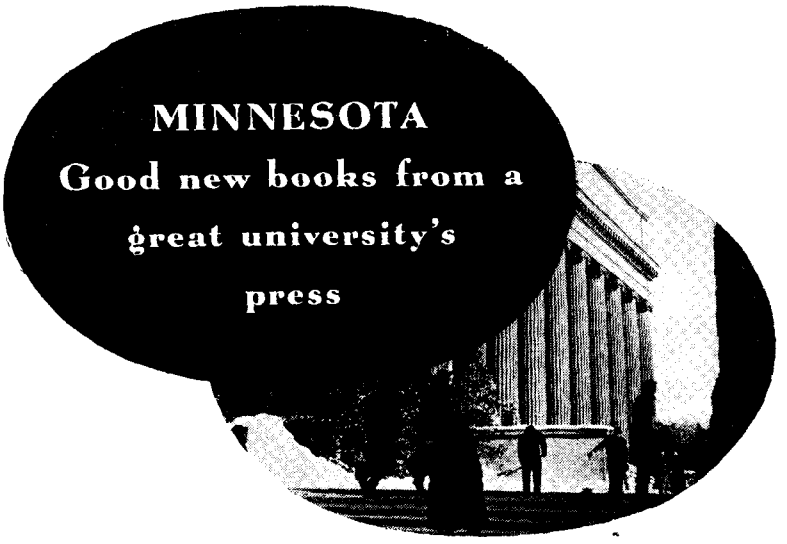
(*Continued from page 24*)

which is not unrelated in the final analysis to profits.

What would Mr. Drucker say about J. C. Hall, of the Hallmark Greeting Card Company, who calmly paid out several million dollars from his company's treasury in order to make available over television complete productions of "Hamlet," "Richard III," and the like? Mr. Hall is still in business and at the last report was doing extremely well. He seems to be well posted on the need to make profits. But he wisely sees no conflict between being a responsible businessman and a responsible citizen. And if there has been any attempt by Mr. Hall to acquire authority over any phase of television we haven't heard of it, and, we say, more's the pity.

WHAT we find most surprising and objectionable, especially in the advertisement, is the method of referring to "symphony orchestras, the United Nations, religious tolerance, freedom of the press, the arts." The general tone is not quite that of the sneer, but it is certainly made to appear that these are things hardly worth the time of serious people, particularly those who have hard profits to worry about. Whatever the intent of author or advertiser, this is shabby stuff, too close for comfort to the anti-intellectual nonsense that seems to be going the rounds these days. Incidentally, the most effective refutation of Mr. Drucker's total thesis is to be found in "The Big Change," by Frederick Lewis Allen, late editor of *Harper's*.

Finally, we are disturbed by Mr. Drucker's article because of its possible effect on businessmen themselves. What he has done is to provide ammunition for those stockholders who are in the habit of assuming that any cent spent outside the business itself is deducted from dividends. It has taken some businessmen a long time to see the vital connection between their businesses and the public welfare. The support of public schools, symphony orchestras, interfaith activities, or the United Nations calls not only for conviction but a certain amount of courage. Enlightened business leaders can't expect unanimous applause for what they are doing; but they are entitled to some forbearance at least from within the cultural community itself. And, even if there are those among us who may not like the new-style businessman, the least we can do is to refrain from furnishing small minds with the big clubs to beat them down. —N. C.



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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Two Nosebleed Heights and Beyond

San Francisco.

I WRITE this from a perch on Nob Hill at that hour in the late San Francisco afternoon when the sun catches the haze and the city nestles for a passing interlude in a cloud of golden smoke. Day is done and shadows are falling and birds are winging into the dusk. Cable-cars are ding-dinging, clutches are slipping, and people who are walking downhill are fighting gravity to keep from running. Nobody walks up unless he is an uninformed *auslander,* or is practising for the Matterhorn. San Francisco is a one charley-horse town. By the time I got to my room in the Mark Hopkins high up on Nob Hill the other night my nose was bleeding, but I like to think it was a cold.

By cranking my head sharply to the left I can see the commencement (or is it the end?) of the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge, which is eight-and-a-quarter miles long and therefore the world's largest, and cost $77 million and is therefore the most expensive. Cars and trucks ride on different levels, and men are paid $5 an hour to paint it; they keep better hours than bankers, since they start at half-past nine and quit at half-past three. It takes them two and a half years to give the whole thing one coat, a piece of intelligence which I have grafted from the barker on the boats that skim around the harbor on rubberneck cruises.

This town must be swift with a buck, for its island resort, called Alcatraz, is the nation's most expensive prison. The cost of keeping a con on the American plan comes to $8.75 here in San Francisco harbor, although the average rates in landbound pokeys is $1.50. It is fortunate for whoever meets the Alcatraz tab that the house-count is currently down to 239, although there is room for 740. Red buoys surround Alcatraz at a respectable distance, but if you travel within them the air will shortly be filled with buckshot and other dissuading elements. Warning signs on the rocks explain all this, but a myopic is liable to get himself shot trying to read the fine print.

The Bay cruiseboat puts you back at Fishermen's Wharf, a sort of *poissonier's* quarter where the fishing boats come in, and people come down to inhale the color and eat shore-dinners in the dozen or more restaurants that line the wharves. The strollers can nibble on Walk-Away Seafood Cocktails, which are paper baskets filled with prawns, shrimp, crab, and Olympic oysters. And the shoppers can take their choice of thumbnail California shrimp or moderate-sized Northern shrimp or the jumbo crustaceans from Louisiana. Dungeness crabs as big as your forearm are coming into season and, if what you need is a nautical dust-catcher around the house, there are rows of iridescent abalone shells to choose from. For fifteen cents you can look at an octopus close up: a small orange mass, like an unkempt ball of plastic garden hose with suction cups all over. Seals in a glass box on the sidewalk are the barkers for the octopus and are a livelier sight than the main attraction. They will be pleased to eat sardines right out of your hand.

San Francisco is almost as rich in fish as it is in flowers. For $10 you can make your house look like the demise of Jack "Legs" Diamond. Carnations the other day were a dollar for two dozen, camellias were selling for fifty cents, and you could have your choice of gardenias for a quarter. Flowerstands decorate the street-corners where you might find a newsstand in another city, and they provide a brief interlude of repose amid the clangor of the city. The stand at the corner of Stockton and Geary, in front of the City of Paris, which is a department store, is built like a cable-car and creates some confusion with the nearsighted.

The goods of the East are spread through the shops of Chinatown, which really represents all the nations of the Orient, for there are Japanese damascene jewelry and Japanese toys, and black-and-silver cufflinks from Siam and art objects from India. The real treasures are at Gump's off Union Square, which has been combing the Oriental bazaars for years and offers a magnificent collection of Thai heads, Buddha hands, and new lanterns of kappa shell up from the Philippines. And for reasons that I do not understand, great piles of pennies grow in the laps of the Buddhas in Gump's, contributed by San Franciscans who woo good fortune from the Eastern deity with Western coppers.

ESCAPING the rigors of this battle of the bulge raging in the city, I lit out one day southward along the San Francisco peninsula to Monterey.

We rolled through Santa Cruz, which they like to call the Atlantic City of the West, and through Capitola to the metropolis of Watsonville which exports the Pippin and the Grabenstein, which are apples, to the tune of 6,500,000 boxes a year. Once a year it holds a Western fiesta when the bankers sport quilted vests, the gas-station attendants are done up like blacksmiths, and any passerby who fails to wear a piece of Western garb is slapped into a kangaroo cooler.

Out in the fields the corn was as eye as a young elephant's eye, and here in mid-November Japanese farmers were busy growing strawberries. The fields around Castroville were covered with pastel artichoke plants, rising and falling like a pale-green, milky sea as far as the eye could see. In town a lettered tiara stretched across the streets to proclaim Castroville "The Artichoke Center of the World." Artichokes were selling thirty-six for a dollar, windmills vied with TV aerials for the attention of the sky, and anybody with an appetite could stop at Bing's Diner, which is alongside a gas station called Crosby's Corner.

As for Monterey, it is filled both with memories and sadness, memories of the Jesuits and the Franciscan monks, memories of its days as the first capital of California, memories of French pirates and Mexican affiliations, memories of whaling days, of California's first theatre, and memories of Robert Louis Stevenson, who lived there. Near the jail house is the Casa Vasquez, the house of the sister of Giburous Vasquez, which she opened in such a handy location because her notorious brother spent so much of his time in stir. When he was free he rode a white horse and wore a sky-blue cape and cut a wide swath with the ladies.

Monterey was rich in fish and rich

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in artists, but six years ago the fish gave out and much of Monterey went bust. The big fleet dwindled and all but died, and the fishermen of other ports remembered how inhospitable the Monterey hands were about strangers fishing their grounds. Alaska and Central America offered berths for the fleet, but that seemed too far, and now the mile-and-a-half of canneries that provided the setting for Steinbeck's Cannery Row is still as a cemetery. The pelicans still play, but the sardines are gone and all that's canned now is squid.

Pacific Grove, next door, is a dry town, and so very proper that it once fenced itself in and closed the portals at 9 P.M., not unlike Ocean Grove, New Jersey, which hangs a chain across the main road on nights and Sundays. But, even if liquor doesn't flow in Pacific Grove, the salt air brings on the fuchsia, cormorants wheel over the rocky coast. And there is peace. The local citizens, who refer to their haven as P.G., have abolished the law that once required all inhabitants to keep their shades at least four inches from the window sill so the cops could be sure that no one was playing cards.

The big excitement of Pacific Grove's year is the annual arrival of the butterflies, flocks of orange and black Monarchs who spend the winter here every November to March, always staying in the same half-a-dozen Monterey pines. Since the butterfly goes north with the spring, lays its eggs and dies, and since its life span is only one year, it isn't at all clear what instinct drives them back to Pacific Grove each year. Nonetheless they only missed two years, once when the road was being dynamited and again when the trees were cut down by mistake. Adequate precautions against this kind of thing have since been taken, and there is now a Butterfly Trees Lodge on hand, not to mention an annual butterfly parade when 2,500 local schoolchildren equip themselves with wings and march through the streets.

Northern California's famous Seventeen-Mile Drive begins just outside Pacific Grove, and for seventy-five cents a car you can indeed drive over seventeen miles of sea-fringed road through the private acres of Del Monte Properties. It ends in Carmel. Between these two points you can see some magnificent homes built on private plots purchased from Del Monte Properties, great dunes of pure white sand which is used for making glass, and great flocks of cormorants. The birds cover the offshore rocks; ledges that look black are blanketed with wet birds, those that look brown are peopled with half-dry birds and gray rocks are inhabited by dry cormo-

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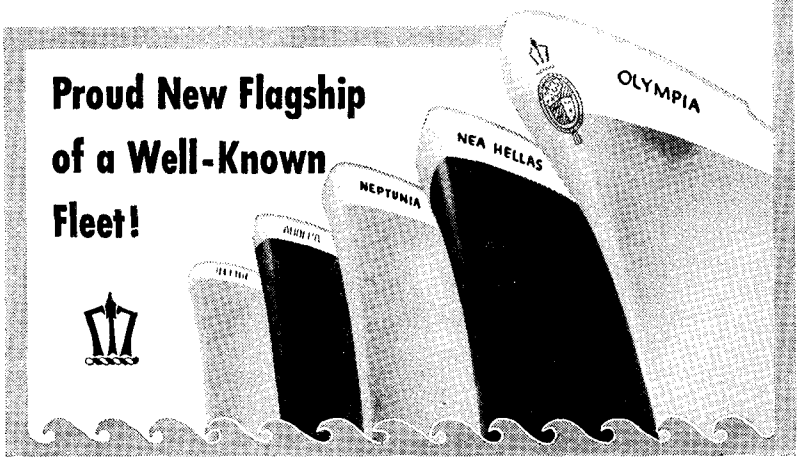

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rants. Since I am already over my head on this subject, kindly address further inquiry on the habits of cormorants (and butterflies) to the National Audubon Society.

At any rate, I have collected some odd bits of intelligence about the grounds and these include the fact that property sells for $10,000 an acre, it's difficult to keep a garden because of so many deer, the locale was used for the films "Intermezzo" and "Rebecca," and has been palmed off on the gullible film-going public variously as Belgium, Austria, Switzerland, the White Cliffs of Dover, Norway, and Israel. You can see the Lone Cypress, which is a lone cypress on a rock by the sea, a perfect Ming tree which resembles a wing of green flying saucers about to be launched, the $140,000 home of Bing Crosby, to which, it is said, he no longer comes.

I should also bring to your attention the fact that Stevenson (Robert Louis) once said the cypresses here reminded him of ghosts fleeing before the wind; and I had better note the presence, too, of the Del Monte Lodge, a starchy nook of elegance hard by the Pebble Beach Golf Course. The Pebble Beach links are public, and the Monterey Peninsula Country Club Golf Course, private. In case you would like to make inquiry to join, a lifetime membership comes to $10,000 even money, and virtually every president of every prominent corporation is a member.

That brings me, as it must anyone, to Carmel, a strange and delightful enclave originated by artists, or so I have been informed. Except for the downtown area Carmel has no streetlights, no sidewalks, and no mail delivery. The road is about as straight as four yards of intestines because it must weave *around* trees. It takes the action of the local city council to fell one in Carmel. The entire beachfront is owned by the community and the law says you may not change it in any way.

Green ice plant grows up the stepped lawns of seaside homes, the road ducks under canopies of cypresses whose top branches embrace above the cars, redwood bays buttress out over the white sand, and the green surf breaks and sprays the Frank Lloyd Wright homes. Not a TV antenna breaks the evening sky since the set-owners subscribe to the benefits of an underground cable that pipes the programs in by wire.

As for downtown Carmel, it is largely a main street divided by an island of cypresses and pines—both sides a tight maze of cozy little inns, patios, shopping courts, and artsy-craftsy gift bazaars loaded with all kinds of coasters to send Aunt Stella back home. —Horace Sutton.

Writers and Writing

Continued from page 20

sees in Williams a direct reflection of many of his own attitudes. Williams was always courageous for the new, the novel, the untried. He says, "My mind was tough and not easily carried away by the opinions of others."

I was thinking, after reading the book, what are the limitations of William Carlos Williams? Three realms of consciousness where he does not dwell leaped at once to the fore.

One is the tragic. He neither writes tragedy nor has much to say about it. One is religion. He is not a religious writer, except in the broadest sense, and is opposed to Eliot in this regard. One I call suffering, as distinct from tragedy in a formal, Aristotelian sense. He does not speak for suffering, by and large, although he has seen probably more of it than many men. He elects to delete the connotations.

All these categories are subjective. Williams is not a subjective, contemplative, or metaphysical writer. Thus, much of the depth of human perception is not in his works. No writer can have everything. Williams would be the first to admit these native limitations.

This book will clarify any fuzzy notion any reader has had about Williams. His ideas are laid open on the table. The knife has been used. The material is laid bare. The book is a notable contribution to the largeness of the entire work of William Carlos Williams, another facet in his and in the American mind.

Notes

AGE WITH TWO FUTURES: In one of the essays collected in **"The Creative Element"** (British Book Centre, $3.25) Stephen Spender remarks that "one description of our period might be The Age with Two Futures. Everything that is potentiality in us has a double destructive and creative aspect."

That will be immediately clear to, indeed anticipated by, anyone who has given even a second's thought to the A-bomb and the H-bomb. Spender's direct consideration, however, is literary, and it reaches back even further than the years of this century: to Baudelaire, Rimbaud, and other prophets of disintegration and disorder, to such wilfully created worlds as those of Rilke and Yeats, to Forster's code of gentlemanliness and Lawrence's war and peace between the sexes; it reconsiders the leftish political hopes of the 1930s and the frightening disillusions of Orwell, and it is current with the present trend toward religious orthodoxy.

Mr. Spender is skeptical of the current trend; he finds it academic—and probably sterile—both in its actual church-going and in its poetic and critical expressions. His admiration is faithful, though not flawless, for those powerfully creative persons who sought in their individualistic terms to make sense of life. He is aware, too, of the dangers of communication cut off: the remoteness, the dead end of "Finnegans Wake," for example. But he takes his stand for the high seriousness of literature, and one admires his impatience with the view that poetry is "an intellectual game" —and all that is implied by that view.

These chapters are based upon lectures given a year or so ago at the University of Cincinnati. Spender is aware they may ask more questions than they answer. They have an intelligent independence one is bound to respect, and they are often excitingly refreshing. —W. T. Scott.

AMERICAN DOZEN: In a previous volume of critical essays James G. Southworth attempted to assess the contributions of nine American poets, from Emily Dickinson to Hart Crane. Now, in **"More Modern American Poets"** (Macmillan, $3.75), he has extended and rounded out his survey to include twelve poets, from William Carlos Williams to W. H. Auden. As of any kind of highly eclectic work, objections may be made with regard to the selection of individual poets and to the manner of critical treatment. For instance, should Laura Riding and Mark Van Doren be included among the most influential poets of our day? And is it not premature to designate Auden as an American poet? About the majority of Mr. Southworth's choices, however, there should be little dispute: Williams, Ezra Pound, Elinor Wylie, Marianne Moore, John Crowe Ransom, Conrad Aiken, Robert Hillyer, Allen Tate, Robert Penn Warren. Of Mr. Southworth's treatment exception may be taken to a compactness which does not really do service to his intention. Both volumes he has aimed, he says, at the general rather than specialized reader. Yet the reader who is not thoroughly grounded in the works of these poets, or in modern poetry generally, may find himself floundering in a waste of cryptic allusions. Illustration is offered, to be sure, but it is useful only to the reasonably well read. In short, Mr. Southworth has covered too many figures in too brief a space. If criticism is to be a tool of understanding—as it must be—then it must achieve greater intensity and thoroughness than the present volume can claim.

Another complaint may be directed

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to the unrelated nature of the essays. Each is a study of a particular poet with almost no attention to their interrelationships and only meager attention (in the introductory essay) to the traditions which Mr. Southworth asserts they follow or transcend. Further, the author expresses his personal reactions — and well — but there is wanting a connection with other critical opinion. Merely to echo other voices would be fruitless, of course. But the general reader (whoever that anomalous person is) deserves a fuller critical view.

—Edward A. Bloom.

TRADITIONAL POET: Edwin S. Fussell pinpoints by subtitle, "The Literary Background of a Traditional Poet," the area of his very intelligent study, **"Edwin Arlington Robinson"** (University of California Press, $3.50). His purpose, he says further, is "an attempt to determine what can be learned about Robinson by knowing where he started." He thinks Robinson "the only major American poet of his generation." He finds that "if Poe may be considered as inaugurating an American tradition that apprehends poetry primarily through technique, and Emerson as inaugurating another tradition that considers poetry as essentially inspiration, it seems also right for the literary historian to credit Robinson as the first American poet properly to fuse the two ideals for our literature."

Robinson was not unaware of the Greeks and he was very much aware of the King James Version of the Holy Bible, but principally his literary influences were nineteenth-century English and American; and they partook in various degrees both of the romantic tradition and the later tradition—here the French come in—of naturalism.

Mr. Fussell insists upon something of prime importance: we can neither fully understand nor assess Robinson's great contribution to American poetry unless we clearly know both what he appropriated and what he rejected. In other words, Robinson's traditionalism was radical in his youth: he cut back to genuine poetic sources in an era of flimsy exercises in polite versifying. (Fussell, quite rightly, finds many points of comparison between Robinson and Eliot.) And this little book has been written with such scholarly particularity without fussiness that my only disappointment is that Mr. Fussell has not done more: I should like to see his sensibility applied directly to a full study of Robinson's poetry. The best of it belongs at the very top of American literature but even now, almost twenty years after Robinson's death, that eminence has not been indubitably established.

—W. T. S.

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PERSONAL HISTORY

The Veep's Half Century

"That Reminds Me," by Alben W. Barkley *(Doubleday. 288 pp. $4.50), is an anecdote-filled autobiography of the veteran politician who was recently elected Senator from Kentucky. Jack Steele, who reviews it below, covers the Washington scene for the Scripps-Howard newspapers.*

By Jack Steele

ALBEN BARKLEY has had honors and disappointments aplenty in his nearly half-century in politics. He has survived both with a highly developed sense of personal integrity and a well-nurtured sense of humor. These qualities helped him in large measure to escape from that great curse of his calling—overreaching ambition. If ambition did lead him astray in 1952, it was only after temptation such as few men could resist.

His honors, disappointments, and humor are all interwoven in his informal and entertaining autobiography, "That Reminds Me." But when the Barkley story and stories have all been told it is the memory of many incidents that illustrates the Barkley "honor" that lingers. And it is from this viewpoint that his famous "break" with FDR over the tax bill veto emerges as the high point of his career.

Here is a politician who, looking back on fifty years in public life, can say with all sincerity: "No man if his own conscience is clear need be ashamed to list his profession as 'politics'." By inference he says this for most of the men who served in Congress with him over the years. And it needs to be said now in the wake of the recent and unlamented campaign in which honorable men were accused of knavery or worse by bitter men whose only excuse was ambition.

"That Reminds Me" is aptly titled. It is liberally sprinkled with many of the stories and anecdotes which have made the Veep Washington's favorite storyteller. His stories have been set down without sacrificing their most endearing quality, which may also be the unique quality of American humor. All of them are apropos of something.

Among the old favorites, for instance, is the Barkley story that some Republicans found apropos in the 1954 campaign. It is about a constituent who, despite the many favors he had received, decided to vote against Barkley.

As the Veep tells it, he reminded the constituent of all the favors done for him over many years and asked if he didn't remember them.

"Yeah," the man replied. "I remember, but what the hell have you done for me lately?"

The big story of "That Reminds Me" is that of the greatest Barkley disappointment. Here for the first time he gives in full detail his story of what happened at the 1952 Democratic national convention in Chicago. He went to that convention—despite his seventy-four years—with high hopes that he would leave it as his party's Presidential nominee. And, as he tells it, he had good reasons.

Four years earlier he had gone to Philadelphia knowing that President Truman wanted somebody else for his running mate. Yet the delegates handed him the Vice-Presidential nomination on a platter. By contrast, a week before the 1952 convention he was summoned to a secret White House huddle and was assured—with Mr. Truman listening—that he was the President's personal choice for the Presidential nomination. Democratic Chairman Frank McKinney even spelled out how—with Administration backing—he would be nominated on the third ballot at Chicago. As proof, Mr. Barkley submits a note in Mr. Truman's handwriting dated five days before the convention and addressed to Tom Gavin, the President's alternate on the Missouri delegation. In it, Mr. Truman asked Gavin to cast his vote for Barkley and to urge the delegation to do likewise.

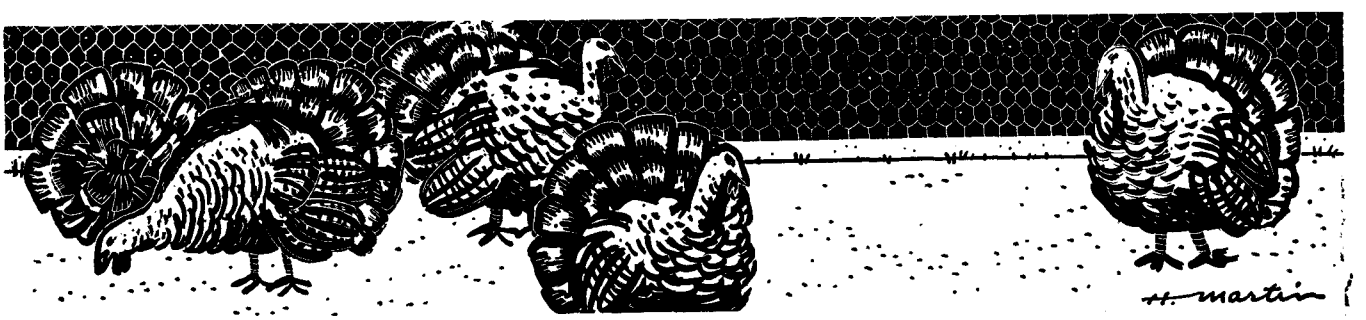
Mr. Barkley had other encouragements. He had, he relates, the word of Jake Arvey that Adlai Stevenson wouldn't run and wanted to place Barkley's name in nomination. Nevertheless, the Veep recalls that he went to Chicago with "stubborn doubts" that something would go wrong. His doubts grew when he heard that Stevenson planned to endorse Averell Harriman.

WHAT actually hit him—the refusal of CIO and AFL leaders to back him because of his age—came as a complete surprise. He did not even recognize it at once for what it was: the kiss of death. He decided to pull out only after getting that advice from such as Leslie Biffle, then Senate Secretary, and Senator Earle Clements.

In his chronicle of the events at Chicago, the Veep gives no indication that he recognized that the labor leaders had taken upon themselves the unpleasant duty of telling him what no Democratic politician dared—that he was too old to make a serious Presidential race. This was accepted at the time by most political reporters and verified privately by most Democratic leaders. It still seems valid today. Mr. Barkley could have been nominated only as a sort of caretaker to hold the party together until 1956.

The Veep still does not accept that view. His only regret, he says, is that he accepted the advice to withdraw. "If I had it to do over again I would not have withdrawn. . . . I wish now I had remained in the race, even if it meant going down to defeat."

This may explain in part why he came out of retirement this year at seventy-six to run for his old Senate seat. If this was his way of saying "Old Barkley will show 'em" it at least was done without such a show of bitterness as has come to be expected from also-rans.



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greatest assets, he became for a while a financial liability. Some Harvard graduates demanded his removal and others threatened never to give a penny to the Law School while such a Red was on the faculty. Lowell and the Corporation stood firm, however. Twelve years later, when no longer Harvard's president, he wrote to Frankfurter, in spite of the difference of their views, to congratulate him on his appointment to the Court, saying, "Although I suppose I might not always agree with all the decisions you will render, I know you will be no man's tool but stand squarely upon your own principles. I suppose this has been the worthy ambition of your life, and I wish you all success therein."

What had been unyielding though misguided in the attacks of sedate reactionaries on Frankfurter just before and after the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti became vituperative and demented in the crackpot testimony at the Senate hearings on his nomination. Scratch a Russian, we used to be told in Czarist days, and you will find a Tartar. Scratch an American in moments of local or national hysteria and all too often you will still find a vigilante. This spirit was humiliatingly vocal in the objections raised against Frankfurter.

Those against him were out to get him by any means. Of course, the self-elected patriots, riding as a posse on wooden horses, accused him of being a Communist, offering prejudice for proof, rumor for fact, or lies for truth. This is the familiar pattern that occurs with disquieting frequency. It is the same pattern followed only a year ago by those who, without a shred of evidence, charged Earl Warren, when he was nominated Chief Justice, with having had "a 100 per cent record" of following the "Marxist line."

THERE was, however, a difference between the opposition to Warren and to Frankfurter. The madness dug deeper and was more wounding in the earlier hearings. Warren was native-born and a gentile; Frankfurter, vast[illegible]n and a gentile; Frankfurter, her o[illegible]gn-born and a Jew. The feeling get [illegible]ist him on both counts runs through the testimony like a polluted stream. Needless to say, several of the witnesses pretended they had no race prejudice, and one showed his friendship for Jews by advancing the slimy argument that the appointment of a Jew would increase anti-Semitism in this country. The final prejudice, or more precisely the ultimate un-American activity, was indulged in by the citizen who pointed out that the only previous foreign-born member of the Supreme Court had been Justice

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Sutherland, who apparently was all right because he "came from the mother country which also gave birth to our Bill of Rights."

Notwithstanding such nonsense, Frankfurter's nomination was swiftly confirmed. He had every cause to be delighted and for reasons not altogether personal. He was right in feeling, as Ickes reported, that his appointment was "a symbol" which meant "much to the liberal cause," as indeed it did and still does. Yet within two-and-a-half years of his becoming a Justice the man who had been assailed as a radical (which he never was except in the hopes—they called them the fears—of his enemies and in the minds of crackpots) was being described in *Harper's* as a conservative. Most conservatives must have read this article by the Yale Law School's peppery Professor Fred Rodell with disbelief, and not a few New Dealers with dismay. For in it, instead of being painted as the firebrand they had fondly imagined, Frankfurter was presented not even as a moderate extremist but as an extreme moderate, indeed a conservative.

If this picture was then novel, it soon lost its novelty. "Comment on his record most often centers on whether he has 'become a conservative'," wrote Louis L. Jaffe in the *Harvard Law Review* on the tenth anniversary of Frankfurter's elevation to the Court. It still does. The assumption that the Justice has turned conservative, said Jaffe, is "announced by liberals sometimes sadly, sometimes with the malicious pleasure of the self-righteous," and "by the conservatives with smug satisfaction."

Rodell's claim, when he had neatly pigeonholed the Justice as a conservative seven-and-a-half years earlier, was that as Roosevelt's adviser Frankfurter had spent most of his time in Washington "urging caution and more caution." He had gagged on such New Deal acts as the NRA and the AAA; had tried in vain to block the rushing through of legislation which he knew would not be upheld; and had been confronted, in spite of his loyal silence, with "the most painful dilemma of his career" by Roosevelt's Court-packing plan, a plan the President had not told him about in advance, perhaps because he sensed Frankfurter would disapprove of it. Unquestionably he did, having stated his position in print three years before (1934) when he said, "Experience is conclusive that to enlarge the size of the Supreme Court would be self-defeating."

As a Justice, according to Rodell, Frankfurter's conservatism became increasingly clear. He may have dominated the Court for a term or two, but within two-and-a-half years, Rodell contended, it was passing him by. Liberal and labor circles were "wide-eyed" as Frankfurter spoke again and again for the Court's conservatives. New Dealers in the know had first begun to suspect, then to denounce him. And in the late spring of 1940 he had dumbfounded his admirers by writing for the Court (with Stone alone dissenting) the "most anti-liberal decision in years." This was the decision involving Jehovah's Witnesses in which Frankfurter upheld the right of the school board in a small Pennsylvania town to compel two children to salute the flag, though their doing so was contrary to their religious training. Why this sudden critical barrage against Frankfurter? Not, Rodell maintained, because the Justice had changed, as some angrily complained he had, but because as a person, "strangely misunderstood" he had stuck "steadfastly by the ideas and philosophy" which he had held and lived by for more than thirty years.

WHEN Professor Jaffe, then dean of the University of Buffalo School of Law, sought to chart "The Judicial Universe of Mr. Justice Frankfurter," the Justice had been on the Court for a decade. Naturally, the additional years had enlarged the territory Jaffe covered, and the territory itself could be mapped with much more detail and far greater certainty in 1949 than when Rodell surveyed it in 1941.

The Frankfurter who emerges from Jaffe's technical, and therefore from this layman's point of view often elusive, pages was a judge with a high sense of his duties, though torn by understandable contradictions. He had shown he felt intensely that the Supreme Court plays an exalted but self-moderating role in the "great secular trinity of the executive, the legislative, and the judicial." He was reluctant to abuse the judicial power by using it to produce political results, however desirable. His first impulse was to defend the rights of the individual state in whatever form they were attacked. Regardless of how on occasion he may in practice have reversed his theory, his conviction was that a judge should not write his own views into the law.

In at least two broad fields of conflict between state power and the Constitution Jaffe maintained Frankfurter had shown "decision, doubt, and reconsideration." One was the Commerce Clause as used to invalidate state regulation; the other, civil liberties. A passionate champion of these and a zealous enemy of wire-tapping, illegal searches and seizures, and almost "obsessive in his compulsion to cite the English stand against

third-degree police methods," he had made clear his belief (as in the Jehovah's Witnesses case) that "the Court must occasionally reconcile 'the conflicting claims of liberty and authority'." His fear was not of authority, but of the breakdown of authority. And one of the "deepest impulses in his judicial philosophy" was his agreement with Brandeis that "the right to be let alone" was "the most comprehensive of rights and the right most valued by civilized men." This, added Frankfurter, is not "an outworn bit of eighteenth-century rationalism, but an indispensable need for a democratic society."

Jaffe did not answer the common question—Had Frankfurter become a conservative?—as Rodell did, who contended the Justice had always been one. To Jaffe Frankfurter was no more a conservative than he was a liberal. Moreover, Jaffe objected to the misleading oversimplification of having a mold marked "liberal" and a mold marked "conservative" into which judgments are automatically poured. He did not stop with damning these as "molds." He called them "coffins." And coffins they often are for thinking that has no life in it, for ideas which are stillborn, for knowledge stifled because unwanted, and for truths and subtleties which have died in malnutrition.

Jaffe's article was written six years ago. Today the lawyers and judges with whom I have talked about Frankfurter do not question his liberalism and seek to explain how, in spite of it, in a very special sense he is a conservative. As a proof of where the real emphasis of his spirit continues to lie, they point out the large part he is said to have played in the Court's reaching a unanimous decision against segregation in the public schools. They do not deny that, with age, he may have grown more conservative than he once was, but at the mere mention of the word "conservative" they insist upon defining the area in which his conservatism has increased.

They describe him as a man who grew up fired by the progressivism of the elder Roosevelt. Unlike Rodell, however, they do not feel his liber-

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alism stopped there or that he has fallen out of step with the times. They admit he may be lonelier on the bench than he formerly was, particularly now that he has lost so close a friend as Justice Jackson. Some complain that he came on the Court as a captive of the views of such of his heroes as Brandeis, Cardozo, and, above all, Holmes. Others contend that he quotes them too often and has never advanced beyond them. But, when cornered, all agree that a Justice could not choose better heroes and that, as often happens in the choosing of one's idols, Frankfurter's choice explains much about him.

Where Frankfurter has always been conservative, according to experts in the law, is in his punctiliousness in demanding that its processes be followed. Although he may have become, as some object, over-fussy in such matters, one of the unbroken consistencies of his career is his conviction that "the history of liberty has largely been the history of observance of procedural safeguards." Since justice has been his objective and the law his means of guaranteeing it, it seems odd that he should have been branded a conservative, by those who use the word as a term of abuse, merely because in his eyes the rightness of a cause is never an excuse for the wrongness with which justice is administered. A traditionalist, a ritualist, a perfectionist in legal matters he may be, but surely as a member of the Court he has been right in struggling not to be a partisan (a hard struggle in his case), and to put strict observance of the law above the strongest of his personal biases.

NO ONE is more aware than Frankfurter that "you cannot tell the quality or importance of a man on the Supreme Court solely from his opinions." When writing them the Justices as a rule deliberately lose themselves in a cold and impersonal style. In their concurring or dissenting opinions, however, they are freer to let their personalities come through. On at least one occasion Frankfurter the Justice spoke movingly for Frankfurter the man. This was in 1942 when, on the matter of compulsory salutes to the flag, the Court reversed the majority opinion he had written some two years earlier. Frankfurter's dissent was stated with passion as "one who belongs to the most vilified and persecuted minority in history." He continued, "Were my purely personal attitude relevant I should wholeheartedly associate myself with the general libertarian views in the Court's opinion, representing as they do the thought and action of a lifetime. But as judges we are neither Jew nor gentile, neither Catholic nor agnostic. We owe equal attachment to the Constitution and are equally bound by our judicial obligations."

Though as a defender of civil liberties he was on debatable ground, he was stating his gratitude to the United States as he had in 1938 when he said, "I can express with very limited adequacy the passionate devotion to this land that possesses millions of our people born like myself under other skies, for the privilege this country has bestowed in allowing them to partake of its fellowship."

If he has seldom written so directly from the heart, it is because his writings, before and after he became a Justice, have been largely on legal subjects. This has imposed its inevitable limitations. For neither warmth nor wit nor sprightliness nor beauty of style is among the law's first concerns. Peace lies in obeying the law, but comfort can be had at times from leaving it to lawyers to read. To laymen, in addition to being a foreign language, it is apt to be a dead one.

Justice Holmes's father felt this way. When his son chose the law as his profession "The Autocrat" was reminded that an English barrister had said to a young aspirant, "If you can eat sawdust without butter, young man, you will be a success in the law." Some jurists, such as Holmes, Learned Hand, and Cardozo, have produced literature in spite of being judges. But, as Frankfurter has admitted, "of the many mansions in the house of literature law is not one." He explains this by blaming "the dull qualifications and circumlocutions" which, though necessary, would "sink any literary barque or even freighter."

Cardozo, a master of "the right style," once said with a bow to Polonius that in the higher legal writing he had discerned six types or methods: "the type magisterial or imperative; the type laconic or sententious; the type conversational or homely; the type refined or artificial, smelling of the lamp, verging at times upon preciosity or euphuism; the type demonstrative or persuasive; and finally the type tonsorial or agglutinative, so called from the shears and the pastepot which are its implements and emblem."

Close readers of Frankfurter must have observed that he has employed all six types, notwithstanding his ability to achieve his own "right style." His prose is variable; at its best light and direct, because simple; at its worst ponderous, not only because of its convolutions and prolixity but because of its addiction to such words as "eschew," "bifurcate," "aliquot," "eventuate," "adumbrate," and "effectuate," which are ugly words, the

No one was more conscious of the far-reaching importance of the Army-McCarthy hearings than Michael Straight, who sat a few feet away from McCarthy. The hearings over, Michael Straight interviewed nearly all the principals to find why they acted and reacted as they did. He visited communities from Boston to Wisconsin, he went to many government agencies to get the story *behind* the hearings. He pored over the thousands of pages of testimony; and searched the records of American history to understand more fully the constitutional issues that had been raised.

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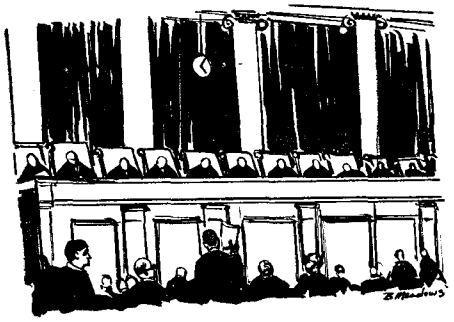
blood relatives of governmentese and too heavy to keep a sentence afloat.

In his poorer passages he may have proved himself, as he said of Chief Justice White, "a master of speech, though a master of too abundant speech," and "made three words grow . . . where there was appropriate room for only one." But with his clarity of mind and formidable fluency he has seldom been guilty of the "shrouded exposition" which he complained of in Waite. His best writing is very good indeed, and is all the more remarkable when one remembers that he, like Conrad, employs a language he did not know as a boy. Although his sentences at times are as baroque as the architecture of the Vienna in which he was raised, they are often vivid in their imagery and can be wonderfully clean and precise in their thrust.

Some lawyers think that his opinions are too long and his arguments buttressed with an eternity of references and dulling appendices. Many lawyers, however, believe that Frankfurter is a far better craftsman than Cardozo was and that he has written some superb opinions which they use as models. A few, to be sure, are irritated, as Chief Justice Stone was, by the impulse which so often compels Frankfurter to write an opinion even when he concurs. "Why does he do it?" Stone asked. "Is it a form of vanity?" The truer reason would seem to be that articulation, in addition to being among his talents, is one of his most urgent needs.

That he talks better than he writes does not mean that Frankfurter cannot write extremely well. Those who have heard him, and then read him, may echo his regret about Charles A. Beard's prose and wish he had "smuggled into print the luminous gaiety" of his conversation. But few pens could hope to keep pace with such a racing mind and anyway, as Frankfurter recognizes, the law as literature is "restricted by its responsibility."

When he does not face these restrictions Frankfurter's writing lifts at once. His letters are sparkling and joyously uninhibited outpourings. His journalism, collected in "Law and Politics," reflects the rich variety of his knowledge and the vigor of his thought. "The Case of Sacco and Vanzetti" is a fascinating story told in uncluttered and fast-moving terms. His insight into people is revealed in his characterizations of Marshall, Taney, and Waite in "The Commerce Clause." Yet nothing he has published so captures his own charm, so completely radiates his warmth or displays the agility of his mind as the transcript of the extemporaneous talk he gave at the University of Virginia Law School in 1953 on "Chief Justices I Have Known." The source of its delight is that Frankfurter comes through on the printed page as the virtuoso conversationalist he is.



HAS he become different since putting on the gown? He would not be the good Justice he is if he had not. Of course, Frankfurter remains the complex character he has always been. Nonetheless, certain unexpected simplicities in his nature and beliefs have become clear. Among these count his attachment to tradition. Firmly convinced that the Court is an implement of progress, he has never forgotten the past in considering the present or looking to the future. His courage has never been in doubt, but on the bench he has shown a new independence as when he said, "What judge would be worth his salt if it made any difference to him that the President who appointed him . . . disagreed with him?"

Ever a brilliant rationalist, he has come to recognize "how slender a reed is reason," and as a progressive has dared to insist that "we are desperately in need not of new truths but of passionate devotion to old truths." "Unquestionable justice" has been the goal of his whole career. Though an idealist, he has approached both justice and government as a realist, warning that "two notions exert powerful and destructive sway over us—the assumption of a Golden Age and the hope of a Utopia: a Golden Age that never was and a Utopia that never will be. These beliefs are powerful because they are rooted in romance, and for the same reason they are destructive. They provide the satisfactions of fairyland, but cloud the mind and debilitate the will in facing the grim realities of an intractable world."

Indifference is a crime of which Frankfurter has never been guilty, caring a virtue which has won him friends, enemies, and admission to history. Turbulent by nature, he may at times have lost the hard battle he has fought to achieve disinterestedness, but as man and Justice he has given his full faith to "those wise restraints that set men free."

Science, Monkeys . . .

Continued from page 16

and securities remain in the same hands, even for one century? If we are to measure the long-time life of a sequoia grove in terms of the short-time value of money we cannot afford to treat it as an agricultural enterprise; we must mine it. Devotion to profits and the money-measure of values is devotion to the fugitive, which we can neither take with us nor confidently leave to future generations.

There are scientific ideas which we can trace clearly to the time of Leibiniz, a quarter of a millennium ago, which are just beginning to find their applications in industry. Can a business firm or a Government department, moved primarily by the immediate needs for new weapons, compass this period of time in its backward glance? As the sequoia grove, so too the great grove of science must be left to long-time institutions capable of formulating and maintaining long-time values. In the past the Church was one of these institutions, and even though it has somewhat fallen from its high estate, it has given birth to the universities and other intellectual institutions, such as academies, which themselves have a continuous life lasting over centuries.

These long-time institutions cannot and do not ask for an immediate translation of their hopes and ideals into the small change of the present day. They exist on faith, the faith that the development of knowledge is a good thing and must ultimately contribute to the good of all men. Without such a faith how is a short-lived, fugitive being like man to care for the needs of a human race which is to survive him for many generations?

The problem of planning for a long future period is not unknown to business and particularly to that most sophisticated of all businesses, the insurance business. The art of the actuary is to estimate risks, which means essentially calculable risks. When a risk is of such a rare and incalculable nature as to defy the actuarial tables the insurance people renege. You need only look at the small print of almost any marine insurance or fire insurance policy to see that, among other exceptions which the underwriters claim, there is one to "acts of God." From the standpoint of insurance this phrase has no strictly religious significance, but merely means a risk of so unusual a character that the actuary

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has no adequate basis on which to handle it. The use of a quasi-religious term is, however, significant, because it means that the pattern of religion is one which the actuaries themselves choose to describe long-time incalculable risks.

The activity of the businessman in general, and the actuary in particular, is not concerned merely with protection against destructive risks. The same companies that sell insurance also sell annuities. The insurance salesman is betting against you that you are going to live, and you are betting against him that you are going to die within a certain time. The annuity salesman is betting with you that you are going to die, and you are betting with him that you are going to live.

IN A similar way, any long-time planning for the future must involve the discussion of rare and incalculable favorable circumstances as well as rare and incalculable catastrophes. One of the rare and incalculable benefits for which we must provide if the race is going to survive is the sudden emergence on the scene of great and original intellects. One of the suggestions that has been made to me by Professor Karl Deutsch (MIT) is that we use a quasi-religious language here as well as in the case of the catastrophes, and call these benefits which are refractory to actuarial treatment by the name of "acts of grace."

The handling of "acts of grace" and their integration into our social scheme, like the handlings of acts of God, transcend the lifetime of short institutions such as everyday business, and must be transferred to more stable institutions which have as their task the fostering of general culture. Among these are the foundations and the universities, which at least contemplate such a continued existence.

The great industrial and government laboratories are important and have a real function to fulfil, but they are not enough.

I am not alone in saying these things, but I am swimming counter to the current of the times. It is popular to believe that the age of the individual and, above all, of the free individual is past in science. The example of Manhattan Project and the atomic bomb is being taken as the norm of scientific development all along the line. There are many administrators of science and a large component of the general population who believe that mass attacks ("crash-programs") can do anything, and even that ideas are obsolete.

Behind this drive to the mass attack there are a number of strong psychological motives. Neither the public nor the big administrator has too good an understanding of the inner continuity of science, but they both have seen its world-shaking consequences, and they are afraid of it. Both of them wish to emasculate the scientist, even as the Byzantine state emasculated its civil servants. Moreover, the great administrator who is not sure of his own intellectual level can only aggrandize himself by cutting his scientific employes down to size.

The idea of the large scientific factory contains deep elements of unsoundness. We mathematicians are in the habit of testing a sharp hypothesis by considering it in its extreme case. If it then fails it may not be altogether useless, but at least it needs modification and restriction.

THE limiting case of the great scientific institution lies ready to our hands. It is the writing-shop of monkeys and typewriters which, in the course of many ages, could theoretically succeed in composing every possible combination of the letters of the alphabet and the words of the dictionary. This idea is not new, for it appears in an easily recognizable form in Swift's "Voyage to Laputa," where the then non-existing typewriters take the form of frames which permute all the letters of the alphabet.

Let us then see what the real value of the work of the monkeys and type-

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 596

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 596 will be found in the next issue.

PLOUGHBRHT MEX R

ARGHP HETPOBTPH

QRXCH KGFSTPLO.

—Q. U. ORMO.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 595

Moral indignation is jealousy with a halo.—H. G. Wells.

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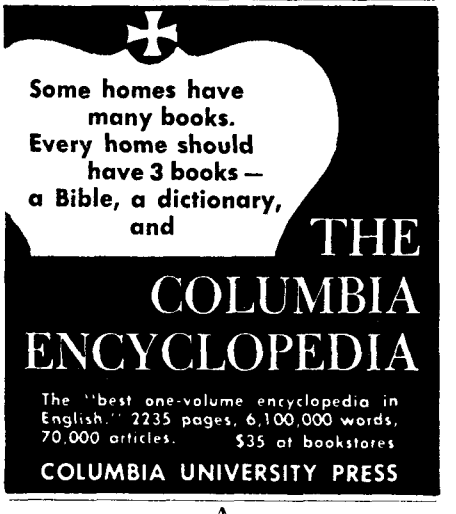
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writers would be. Sooner or later they will have written all the works of Shakespeare. Are we then to credit this mass attack with creating the works of Shakespeare? By no means, for in writing the works of Shakespeare they will almost certainly have created just about all the nonsense and balderdash conceivable. Shakespeare as yet undiscriminated from this balderdash is not Shakespeare in any effective or intellectual sense.

It is only after the non-Shakespeare has been thrown away, or at least an overwhelming part of it, that Shakespeare will stand out in any significant sense, whether theoretical or practical. To say that the monkeys' work will contain the works of Shakespeare has no other sense than to say that a block of marble will contain a statue by Michelangelo. After all, what Michelangelo does is purely critical, namely, to remove from his statue the unnecessary marble that hides it. Thus, at the level of the highest creation, this highest creation is nothing but the highest criticism.

I do not say that this metaphor of the monkeys and the typewriters is just in all instances, or that no large laboratory can make out a case for itself. What I do say is that it is perfectly possible for the mass attack by workers of all levels from the highest to the lowest to go beyond the point of optimum performance, and to lose many really good results it might obtain in an unreadable ruck of fifth-rate reports. This is no difficulty threatening us in a visionary distant future, but a real observable defect of large-scale science at the present time. If a new Einstein theory were to come into being as a Government report in one of our superlaboratories there would be a really great chance that nobody would have the patience to go through the trash published under the same auspices to discover it.

If criticism in its highest levels is not distinct from creation, and these levels are already being approximated to in our great laboratories, the head of a great laboratory must show the creative abilities of a genius. Nevertheless, he will be a bound genius and not a free genius. He will be crippled by the need of reading and understanding an almost unlimited batch of reports, and he will not be able to cut the tangle and devote his creative activity towards the rejection of inadequate ideas on his own part, rather than stupid reports.

The great laboratory may do many important things, at its best, but at its worst it is a morass which engulfs the abilities of the leaders as much as those of the followers.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1078

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By Doris Nash Wortman

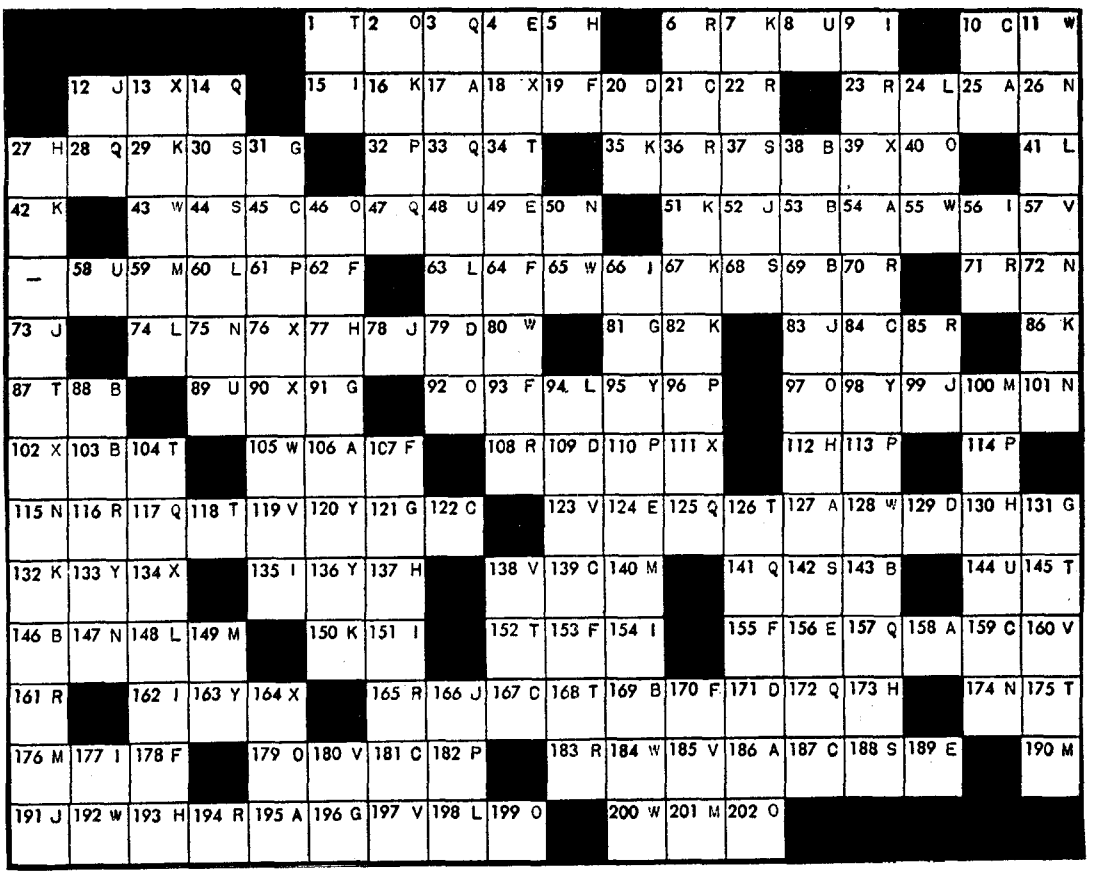
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Word of obscure origin for hold-up man, wh. came into wide use 1920-33.	106 25 158 195 186 127 54 17
B. Hardy heroine, 1874.	103 53 69 146 143 88 169 38
C. Young lord in "Love's Labour's Lost" who fell in love with Maria at an inconvenient moment.	122 187 139 45 84 167 10 21 181 159
D. Garden tool resembling old-fashioned meat chopper on a long handle.	171 109 129 20 79
E. Native charmer on the island where the "Bounty" mutineers landed (Byron).	189 49 156 124 4
F. Freedom from stain or blemish.	19 153 93 170 64 62 107 155 178
G. The doctor's eldest daughter in "Vicar of Wakefield."	91 31 196 131 81 121
H. Resembling a fingernail in shape and texture.	112 173 137 193 5 27 130 77
I. Unlike in any way.	135 66 15 162 9 177 154 151 56
J. In any place in which.	83 12 78 191 166 99 52 73
K. A date one ought not to keep.	16 86 51 29 35 67 7 82 132 150 42
L. A Canadian "Rebellion," 1869, by a certain region, against joining Manitoba.	74 198 24 63 41 60 148 94

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Describing a countenance without expression (comp.; colloq.).	140 59 100 149 190 176 201
N. Nail about 3 inches long.	26 72 115 147 75 101 50 174
O. Mooring rope attached to the forepart of a ship (2 wds.).	46 202 97 199 92 2 40 179
P. Rare word for to puff out.	110 32 113 182 114 96 61 *
Q. A form of direct address used at V.M.I. (2 wds.).	157 3 33 47 141 172 14 28 125 117
R. Expression denoting great age, with slighting connotation (4 wds.).	36 194 70 116 165 161 71 23 6 108 22 183 85
S. Dandyish; flashy (comp.).	188 30 37 44 68 142
T. A plate, an auricle, and a decad combine to discourage and depress.	104 118 1 87 175 145 34 152 168 126
U. The language Cymraeg, and the people who speak it.	89 48 8 58 144
V. Pertaining to nomenclature.	119 185 57 197 138 123 180 160
W. One of Charlemagne's paladins, whom Don Quixote saw in a dream in a cave.	65 200 55 105 43 80 184 11 192 128
X. Spanish dramatist, shared Nobel Prize, 1904.	13 102 90 18 134 76 164 111 39
Y. Fruit of an Australian tree, very much like our plums.	120 163 133 98 136 95

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 22 of this issue.

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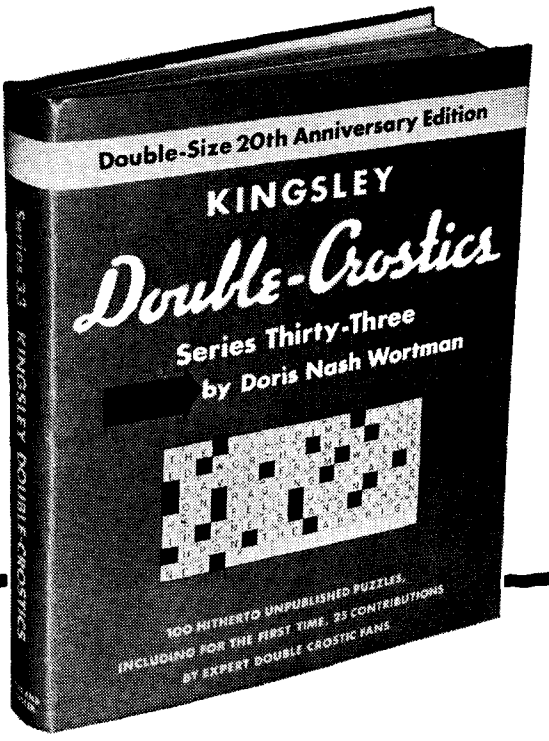

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